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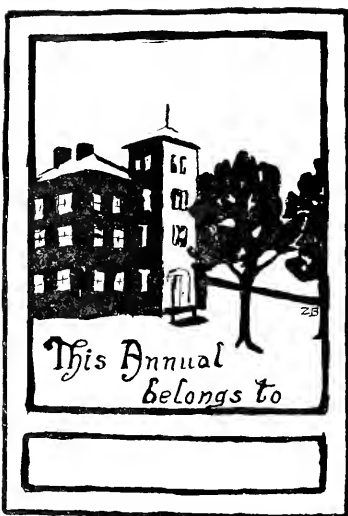
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THE CHIEF

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of the Greenville High School



With the Aid and Assistance of the
Students of the Greenville
High School.  

VOLUME VI

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Modelled in Clay by Herman Krickenberger in the Art Classes of G. H. S.

: : Dedication : :

T^His : our : Fathers : and : Mothers
this : volume : is : affectionately
dedicated : in : remembrance : of
their : love : and : sacrifices : for : us



I here present the faculty
to you
In black and white.
To get their many like-
nesses
I strove with all my
might.
I give to you a pointer, that
The first is Kirkendall,
And if you know them. I
am sure
You'll recognize them all



--Z. M. B.

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Ohio University, Athens, Ohio

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University of Colorado

English

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Miami University, Oxford, Ohio

University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.



High School Statuary.



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Evolution of Miss G. H. S.



EDITORIAL



If we but put our hand to our ear, a distant rumble comes to us. At times it seems almost inaudible, but at certain seasons it assumes threatening proportions. It is a battle of the ages in which construction and destruction are each striving for supremacy. The American Nation is concerned with the work of construction. Its ideal is to create, combine and preserve all that is holy, right and tending to uplift mankind.

When even the minutest seed is put into right relation with the elements of nature and under favorable conditions, it immediately begins a period of construction and expansion. It reaches out its tiny fingers here and there and absorbs those elements necessary to make a plant. When this period of hidden development is past, we see a tiny shoot above the ground. So it is with any graduating class. The members were placed in right relation with those elements which tend to nurture and develop them. After this period of construction and development has been passed over, they come forth as a tiny part of the integral whole, society.

The result of this period of hidden construction has been consolidated into one supreme effort. The concrete form of this is this volume. It reflects our spirit and attitude on life and its problems. It is only thru the co-operation of the citizens of our city that we are able to pass thru this period of construction and bring to notice the result of their interest in us. So we feel it our duty to express our thanks and appreciation to them.

Leonard DeWeese, '16.



THE USE OF THE MAGAZINE

The magazine has become a necessary part of the daily life of every progressive individual. The magazine is the most beneficial way of deriving news. All the current problems of the times are openly discussed and we are made acquainted with the intelligent views of various people, thus providing us with a basis upon which to found our conclusions.

The value of the magazine to grown up people is at once apparent. It informs them of the nation's leading men, who they are, what they are, and what they believe, of the political parties and party leaders, enabling the readers to be more efficient citizens and voters.

To the younger generations, who become the citizens of tomorrow, the magazine affords a most valuable training, for it awakens their interest in affairs both foreign and domestic, it widens their views, and it leads them to think for themselves and to judge clearly the modern movements, unbiased by the opinion of

teacher, father, or mother. This will aid them in solving the problems of future years.

We find that the magazine is used to a great extent in the public schools. In addition to the above stated uses, it furnishes a very excellent way of studying civics and up-to-date history. Also it helps to cultivate a liking for the best periodicals, and since important problems are studied, it fosters free discussion of public affairs.

If all school authorities knew the great good accomplished by the use of the magazine in the class-room, every school board in the United States would furnish them. We are greatly indebted to our school board for providing us with this important element in our education.

Elizabeth McCabe, '16.



ADIEU G. H. S.

The crossroad of our life is almost reached. "Which way?" is now the absorbent question. If we are not permitted to boast of what we have done, dear G. H. S., we can at least say a word about what we have tried to do, and the principles which have guided us.

What the future holds for us we know not, but this we know, the happy days we spent at school are the ones we wish never to forget. Whether we won or lost, in the class-room, on the field, or in the debating society, let us remember, only the generous and emulous rivalry of noble and forgiving hearts.

As we have proved our loyalty to each other in the past, so in the future in our own humble way, we shall stand by you, G. H. S., with a devotion that no other class can surpass.

The one great aim of all education is, of course, to secure the finest men, and faithfully will we try to perform life's duties, so that you can say to us, your children of adoption, "Welcome, thrice welcome, back to Greenville."

Bob Mannix, '16.



OUR HOME TOWN

As a city of moderate size, Greenville has few marring attributes. Prosperous in the commercial world, with almost a score of churches, a fine public library, and a thorough system of public school training, it presents itself to the busy outside world. Of the different trades, and professions that are carried on in Greenville, it is sufficient to say that all are represented by wide-awake men. Manufacturing is taking a steady hold on the city, not absorbing the city in its grimy clutches, but making itself a part of the city, almost as a street is built up in fine residences. Greenville's miles of cement sidewalks and paved streets lined with the irreplaceable shade trees and velvet lawns can not be lost, for with these we would lose a part of our home town, the part that indelibly stamps a strong sentiment of approval on the minds of every visitor from the outside world.

Aside from the products of the factories which are shipped everywhere, and the operations of its business men, Greenville stays at home. Greenville is not

contented. Disputes are common, and a question is no sooner raised, when the sides for and against, argue the question and we view it from all sides. So Greenville grows and will continue to grow as long as this continues, for when all questions are kept clear and sharp, the people can understand and act.

But Greenville is giving to the outside world, the world that competes with it in every branch, something that it can ill afford to lose, that is a too heavy percentage of its young men and women who have finished their high school course. They take a college course and then answer the call of the outside world, to fields where they can make a place for themselves. Greenville can not be expected to have opportunities for all, but at the same time, the number that does remain is so small in comparison with the number that Greenville needs, that high-school graduates with expert college training are not exactly common here. The outside world offers the graduate opportunities which can not be passed by. A high-school speaker said not long ago, that in time, the management and welfare of the city would be turned over to the young men and women, and that that was the purpose of our preparation. When the young man has the preparation, he does not propose to let this preparation go unused, and consequently Greenville is forgotten. The end of this though is not far off. Inevitably as Greenville continues to grow and build up, and the fields of endeavor widen immeasurably, with the opportunities unaffected by those of the outside world, Greenville will come into its own, with the younger generation supporting and improving the works of the old.

Bruce Garland, '16.



PROBLEMS OF THE GIRL

The "up-to-date" college of today emphasizes two things, grand stand athletics and the spirit of democracy. If this applies to college, why not to high school? Among girls the broadened sympathy and sociability should be cultivated. Athletic clubs in the high school would foster a friendly and social spirit. The average high school girl, unless she plays basket ball, which is limited to a few, does not get much more exercise than walks uptown, or to and from school. If tennis courts and other outdoor equipments were provided, girls would get needed exercise, meet their schoolmates on an equal footing, and develop poise and self-restraint. Would the girls be interested in helping themselves to get these things?

The social side of the school is neglected. The different classes are so large that only a formal party can be given. Every year there are girls in school whom we all need to know, but they do not meet the members of their class. The woman of tomorrow will be placed largely upon her own resources. The more her sympathies and interests are broadened as a girl, the easier her life will be. What can we girls do for ourselves? We need to know each other. The person with few friends loses much of the pleasure gained from knowing people. This task is ours. What can we do?

Ruth Blocher, '16.

Senior Class Organization



ELISABETH ANDERMAN

President.....Robert Mannix
Vice President.....Bruce Garland
Secretary.....Ruth Blocher
Treasurer.....Elta Faught



ROBERT MANNIX, G. H. S. 1912-'16

President of Senior Class

Track Team, '14

Glee Club, '14-'15

Rhetoricals: Debate—Resolved: That arbitration is a practicable means for settling all international controversies, '15.

Debate—Resolved: That United States can best maintain peace by being prepared for war. '16

LEONARD DEWEESE, G. H. S., 1912-'16

Boys' Glee Club, '12

Class President, '13-'14

Annual Reporter, '14

Treasurer of Schiller Verein, '15

Sec'y-Treasurer of Schiller Verein, '15-'16

Orchestra, '14-'15, '15-'16

Ethics Club, '14-'15

Editor-in-Chief, '15-'16

Rhetorical: Daniel Webster, '15

Greenville and Greenvilleisms, '16

WILLIAM VANCE, G. H. S. '12-'16

Business Manager of Annual

Debate: Resolved: That arbitration is a practicable means of settling all international disputes

Resolved: That the United States can best maintain peace by preparing for war

ELIZABETH AUKERMAN, G. H. S. '12-'16

Art Editor, '16

Secretary of "Story Tellers' Club," '16

Schiller Verein, '14-'16

Girls' Glee Club, '16

Rhetoricals: Rookwood Pottery, '15.

American Music, '16



HOMER YORK, G. H. S. '12-'16

Football, '12-'16

Debate—Resolved: That the best way for the U. S. to maintain peace is by preparedness for war, '16

Annual Literary Editor, '16



CATHARINE M. BOYER, G. H. S. '12-'16

Annual Staff, '12-'16

Rhetorical: '14-'15. An Adventure of Sir Lancelot: A Story

Schiller Verein, '15-'16

Annual Staff, '15-'16, Ass't Literary Editor

Rhetorical, '15-'16, Twentieth Century Charity: A Story



ZARA BURNETT, G. H. S. '12-'16

Assistant Art Editor, '16

Rhetoricals: Chameleons, '15

Christmas Play: A Pair of Lunatics, '16



RAY TURNER, G. H. S. '12-'16

Vice-President of Schiller Verein, '15-'16

Annual Staff, '16

Rhetoricals: Junior Debate—Resolved: That arbitration is not a practical means of settling all international disputes

Senior Debate—Resolved: That the best way for the U. S. to maintain peace is by preparedness for war.

Baseball, '15-'16



BRUCE GARLAND, G. H. S. '12-'16

Class Treasurer, '14-'15
 Treasurer Schiller Verein, '14
 Schiller Verein, '15-'16
 Vice President Senior Class, '15-'16
 Rhetoricals: Conservation of American Forests, '15
 Debate—Resolved: That Greenville needs Park-side, '16

GLADYS BURNS, G. H. S. '12-'16

Annual Staff, '16
 Basket Ball, '14-'16
 Secretary of Junior Class, '15
 Schiller Verein, '14-'16
 Rhetoricals: City Slum Work, '15.
 Value of Athletics in High School, '16

ELIZABETH McCABE, G. H. S. '12-'16

Schiller Verein, '14-'16
 Story Tellers' Club, '15-'16
 Girls' Glee Club, '14-'16
 Rhetoricals: Irish Legends, '15
 Music of Germany, '16

HERBERT BURNS, G. H. S. '12-'16

Secretary of Sophomore Class, '13-'14
 President of Junior Class, '14-'15
 Schiller Verein, '14-'15
 Basket Ball, '15-'16
 Annual Staff, '16
 H. S. Orchestra, '13-'16
 Rhetoricals: The Ford, '15
 Debate—Resolved: That Greenville needs Park-side



ANDERSON SNORF, G. H. S. '11-'15

Boys' Glee Club, '15
 Senior Football, '15
 Cheer Leader, '15-'16
 Rhetorical: Stories from Mark Twain, '16
 Annual Staff, '16



ANNA LEE MAINS, G. H. S. '12-'16

H. S. Chorus, '13-'14
 Girls' Glee Club, '14-'15
 Annual Staff, '14-'16
 Rhetorical: Red Cross Nursing, '15
 William Dean Howells, '16



MARY CULBERTSON, G. H. S. '12-'16

Basket Ball, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15, '15-'16
 Vice President of Junior Class, '14-'15
 Vice President of Athletic Association, '12-'13
 Vice President of Athletic Association, '13-'14
 Secretary of Athletic Association, '14-'15
 Schiller Verein, '15-'16
 Rhetoricals: The Modern Theatre is not Harm-
 ful to the American Public, '15
 Outlook for Christian Unity, '16



LOWELL BOLLINGER, G. H. S. '12-'16

Rhetorical: Oration: The Defense of This Re-
 public



CHARLES CLEMENS, G. H. S. '12-'16

Football, '12-'14
 Captain Sophomore Football Team, '13
 Captain Senior Football Team, '15
 Basket Ball, '12-'15
 Capt. Freshman Basket Ball Team, '12-'13
 Capt. Senior Basket Ball Team, '15-'16
 Baseball, '13-'14
 Track, '13-'14
 Schiller Verein, '14-'15
 Rhetorical: H. S. and College Football



ELTA FAUGHT, G. H. S. '12-'16

Treasurer of Senior Class, '15-'16
 High School Chorus, '12-'13
 Schiller Verein, '14-'16
 Story Tellers' Club, '15-'16
 Rhetoricals: April Events of U. S. History, '15
 Old Greek and Roman Pastimes, '16



MILDRED BISHOP, G. H. S. '12-'16

Story Tellers' Club, '15-'16
 Rhetoricals: Dolly Madison, '15
 The Unexpected Guest, '16
 Debate — Resolved: That the United States
 should be enlarged



JAMES M. CRAWFORD, G. H. S. '12-'16

Rhetoricals: The Indians of Today, '15
 Men Characters of Shakespeare, '16
 Football, '15



DEWEY E. STOCKER, G. H. S. '12-'16

Schiller Verein, '15-'16
 Rhetoricals: Modern Undertaking, '15
 The Motor Car of Today, '16



URETTA UNGERIGHT, G. H. S. '12-'16

High School Chorus, '14
 Schiller Verein, '15
 President of Schiller Verein, '15-'16
 Story Tellers' Club, '16
 Girls' Glee Club, '16
 Rhetoricals: Rhenish Legends, '15
 Composers of Eastern Europe, '16



ESTHER HUSTED, G. H. S. '12-'16

Schiller Verein, '16
 Girls' Glee Club, '16
 Annual Staff, '16
 Rhetoricals: The Hour Glass, '15
 Music of Italy, '16



CARL BYRD, G. H. S. '12-'16

Vice President of Schiller Verein, '15
 High School Baseball Team, '14-'15
 Rhetorical: Story of the Opera "William Tell"
 Debate—Resolved: That Greenville needs Park-
 side, '16



J. MONROE HALL, G. H. S. '12-'16

Glee Club, '15
Basket Ball, '13-'14, '15-'16
Track, '14
Athletic Editor of Annual, '15-'16
Rhetoricals: Motion Pictures, '15.
Value of Athletics, '16



NINA BRUMBAUGH, G. H. S. '12-'16

High School Chorus, '12, '13, '14
Author of Class Song, '15
Girls' Glee Club, '15-'16
Story Tellers' Club, '15-'16
Rhetoricals: Wagner's "Tannhauser," '15
"The Bermudian Sojourn," '16



IRENE WOLVERTON, G. H. S. '12-'16

Schiller Verein, '14-'16
Glee Club, '13-'16
Rhetoricals: Il Trovatore, '14.
History of Greenville, '15
Class Song, '15



DWIGHT L. BROWN, G. H. S. '12-'16

G. H. S. Orchestra, '12-'13, '13-'14, '14-'15
Basket Ball, '14-'15, '15-'16
Football, '15-'16
Boys' Glee Club, '14-'15
Schiller Verein, '14-'15
Rhetorical: "Literary Life of Brand Whitlock"



PAUL J. KECK, G. H. S. '12-'16

Football, '14-'15, '15-'16
Boys' Glee Club, '14-'15
Track, '14
Rhetoricals: Richard Mansfield as an Actor and a Man, '15
Informal Talk, '16



BERNICE L. BIGLER, Gettysburg H. S., '12-'15. G. H. S. '15-'16

Secretary of Senior Class, '15
Rhetorical: Wm. Dean Howells as a Novelist



MERCEDES CURTIS, G. H. S. '12-'16

H. S. Chorus, '12-'13
Basket Ball, '13-'16
Captain Senior Basket Ball Team, '16
Captain H. S. Team, '16
Annual Staff, '16
Rhetoricals: Life of Bret Harte, '15
Popular Athletics of G. H. S., '16



BOB CRISLER, G. H. S., '12-'16

Schiller Verein, '14-'16
Baseball, '12-'16
Manager of Baseball, '13-'14. Manager-Captain, '14-'15
Vice President Athletic Association, '13-'14
Rhetoricals: Debate—Resolved that all international disputes should be settled by arbitration, '15



BYRON R. OWENS, G. H. S. '12-'16

Baseball, '14-'16
Rhetoricals: '15-'16

DOROTHY EVANS, G. H. S. '12-'16

Basket Ball, '12-'16
Glee Club, '14, '15
Story Tellers' Club, '16
Staff, '15
Rhetoricals: Recitation—Danny Deever, '15
Recitation—A Lament, L'Envoi, '16

LUCILE MENDENHALL, G. H. S. '12-'16

Schiller Verein, '14-'16
Chorus Class, '12-'13
Story Tellers' Club, '15-'16
Rhetoricals: Historical Landmarks in and around
Greenville, '15
The Women of Shakespeare, '16.

MURRAY A. BEAM, G. H. S. '13-'16

Schiller Verein, '15-'16
Track, '13-'14
Inter-class Football, '13-'16
Rhetoricals: Aeroplanes, '16
Debate—Resolved: That coastwise ships of U.
S. should have free toll, '15



IRA F. YOUNG, Gettysburg, '12-'15, Greenville, '15-'16
 Vice President of Class, '14-'15
 Football, '14-'15
 Rhetorical: Sanitary Conditions in the Country



ELMA STONEROCK, G. H. S. '12-'16
 High School Chorus, '12-'13, '13-'14
 Story Tellers' Club, '15-'16
 Schiller Verein, '14-'15, '15-'16
 Staff, '16



AMANDA SCHNECK, Franklin Township H. S., '10-'13.
 G. H. S. '15-'16
 F. H. S. Literary Society, '10-'13



VERNON LECKLIDER, Gettysburg, '12-'15. Greenville,
 '15-'16
 President of Class, '14-'15
 Football, '14-'15
 Baseball, '15
 Rhetorical: The Survival of the Fittest in Literature



NED GRANTON WESLEY, Academic Union College, Barbourville, Ky., '12-'15. G. H. S., '15-'16

Philoneikean Literary Society, '12-'15

Basket Ball

Secretary Philoneikean Literary Society, '14

Rhetorical: Brand Whitlock as a Diplomat, '16

Basket Ball, '16

MABEL A. COLVILLE, G. H. S. '12-'16

"Sketches, Skits and Stunts," '13

Rhetoricals: Mothers' Goin' a Visitin', '15

The Olympic Games, '16

RUTH BLOCHER, West Branch Michigan H. S., '12-'13.
G. H. S. '13-'16

Secretary Senior Class

Ethics Club, '15

President Story Tellers' Club, '16

Rhetoricals: The Peace Pipe, '15

Sonnets from Shakespeare, '16

RALPH CLARK, G. H. S. '12-'16

Play: Sketches, Skits and Stunts, '13

Class Debate—Resolved: That immigration in U.
S. should be restricted, '14

Rhetoricals: Aircraft in Modern Warfare, '15

Life of Brand Whitlock, '16

Schiller Verein, '14-'16



GEORGE BAKER, Palestine H. S., '12-'15. G. H. S., '15-'16

Basket Ball, '14-'15
Baseball, '13-'15
Debating Team, '14-'15
Class Play: Merchant of Venice, '14
Literary President, '14-'15
Rhetoricals: Your Ministry, '15
Shakespeare as a Man, '16



EVA McFERRAN, G. H. S. '12-'16

H. S. Chorus, '12-'13
Basket Ball, '15-'16
Rhetoricals: Gustav Stickley and His Works, '15
National Sports, '16
Annual Staff, '15-'16



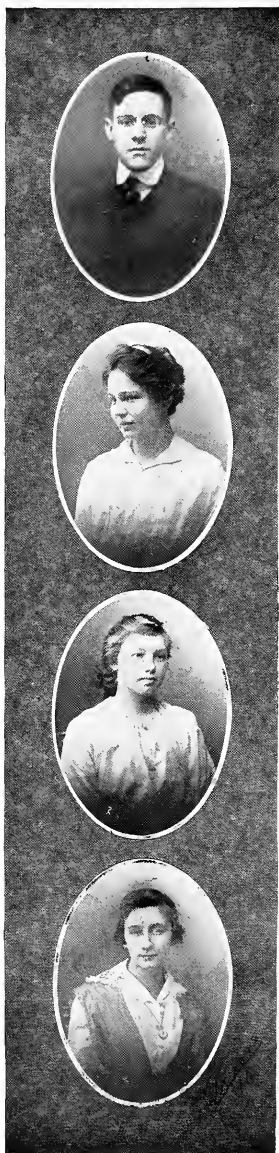
INEZ COLE, Palestine H. S., '12-'15. G. H. S., '15-'16

Class Play: Merchant of Venice, '14, at P. H. S.
Palestine Glee Club
Story Tellers' Club, '15
Rhetoricals: The Keystone of Peace, '15
Russian Music and Composers, '16



CLYDE STEPHENS, G. H. S. '11-'13, '15-'16

Rhetorical: E. H. Sothern as a Shakespearean Actor, '16



HAROLD PEIFFER, G. H. S. '12-'16

Captain of Freshman Track Team, '13
 Junior Track, '15
 Senior Basket Ball, '16
 Rhetoricals: Arbor Day, '15
 Mark Twain, '16

KATHRYN BLOCHER, West Branch Michigan, '12-'13.
 G. H. S., '13-'16

Ethics Club, '15
 High School Chorus, '12-'14
 Story Tellers' Club, '16
 Rhetoricals: Debate—Resolved: That the modern theatre is harmful in its influence upon the public, '15
 Music of American Indians, '16

IVA KREIDER, Franklin Township H. S., '13-'15. G. H. S., '16

F. H. S. Glee Club, '13
 F. H. S. Literary Society, '13-'15
 Debate, '14, F. H. S.
 Librarian of School, '13
 Secretary-Treasurer of Class, '14-'15
 Class Play, '15

MAE NEFF, Union City H. S., '12-'14. G. H. S., '14-'16

Union City H. S. Literary Society.
 Union City H. S. Chorus Class, '14-'15
 Rhetorical: El'a Wheeler Wilcox and Her Poems



LAWRENCE H. TRITTSCHUH, G. H. S. '12-'16
 Schiller Verein, '14-'15, '15-'16
 Rhetorical: "Congress and the Farmers," '16



ESTHER M. YOUNT, G. H. S. '12-'16
 Rhetorical: "The Victory at Morengo," '15
 Annual Staff, '16



ELEANOR WETZEL, G. H. S. '12-'16
 H. S. Chorus, '13-'14
 Rhetorical: Essay—Shakespeare as a Dramatist,
 '16



ELSIE MILLER, G. H. S. '12-'16
 Schiller Verein, '14-'15-'16
 Rhetoricals: Recitation—Jim Bludso of the Prairie Bell, '15
 Poem on Greenville, '16



ROScoe LYNCH, Palestine H. S., '11-'14. G. H. S.,
'14-'16

President of Palestine H. S. Literary Society
Rhetorical: Agriculture as a Profession



OLIVE NEALEIGH, G. H. S. '12-'16

Story Tellers' Club, '15-'16
Rhetoricals: Our Yankee Girls, '12
Shakespearean Actors of the Past, '16



DELSIE SKIDMORE, Union City H. S., '12-'13. G. H.
S., '13-'16

Union City H. S. Literary Society
Rhetorical: Attractions of Darke County, '16
H. S. Chorus Class, '14-'16



MELISSA C. STOCKER, G. H. S. '12-'16

Rhetorical: Negro Legends, '15
Story Tellers' Club



HERMAN BOWERS, G. H. S. '12-'16

Vice President of Sophomore Class, '13-'14
Football '14-'15

Rhetorical: Indian Life and Customs.

Debate—Resolved: That Greenville does not
need Parkside.



FLORENCE CLARK, G. H. S. '12-'16

Rhetorical: Good Vocations Open to Women, '15



LAURA DEHOFF, G. H. S. '14-'16

Rhetorical: "American Quality in American Literature"



FLORENCE UHDE, G. H. S. '12-'16

Girls' Glee Club, '14-'16

High School Chorus, '13-'14, '15-'16

Rhetorical: "Essay on Samuel Johnson"



CLIFFORD BICKEL G. H. S. '12-'16

Rhetorical: Motion Pictures
Sophomore and Senior Football



ALMA B. FOUREMAN, Franklin Township H. S. '12-'15

Vice President of Class, '13-'14
Franklin Literary Society, '12-'13
Class Play, '15
Class Poet, '13-'15
Rhetoricals, '15; Class History: Last Will of
Seniors
G. H. S., '15-'16



HELEN MARKWITH, G. H. S., '12-'14

High School Chorus, '12-'13
Rhetorical: Shakespeare as a Song-writer, '15
Schiller Verein, '14-'15, '15-'16



ELIZABETH ALTA HARTZELL, Heidelberg College, '13-'14; G. H. S., '12-'13, '14-'16

Glee Club, '14-'16
Schiller Verein, '15-'16
H. S. Chorus, '15-'16
Rhetoricals: Baldwin-Wallace College, '15
Sec'y Irving Lit. Society (Heidelberg Col.), '13



HOMER WAGNER, Alvin H. S., Alvin, Texas, '12-'15;
G. H. S., '15-'16

Rhetorical: Modern Improvements on the Farm



AGNES TRAINOR, G. H. S. '12-'16

H. S. Chorus, '12-'15

G. H. S. Orchestra, '13-'14

Glee Club, '14-'16

Rhetoricals: The Needs of Greenville



CATH. MANNIX, G. H. S. '12-'16



ELWIN SCHERER, G. H. S. '12-'16

Rhetorical: Dyes and History of Dyes, '16



THAD. STOLTZ, G. H. S. '11-'16
Football, '14-'15, '15-'16



Junior Class Organization



E A

President.....Herman Krickenberger
Vice President.....Gerald Balthaser
Secretary.....Julia McGreevey
Treasurer.....Ray Petersime

Junior Class Roll

Albright, Ruby	Baker, Ralph
Choate, Frances	Baker, Joe Willard
Cottrell, Lenore	Bradley, Paul
Hahn, Bernice	Compton, Noel
Hartzell, Edna	Davenport, Harold
Henderson, Marie	Douglass, Millard
Hobbs, Gladys	DuBois, George
Howell, Erma	Eidemiller, Aubrey
Huston, Eva	Ganger, Foster
Irwin, Irene	Halladay, Ralph
Jobes, Faustina	Holzapple, George
Kerlin, Ruth	Howard, Raymond
Kern, Gladys	Kerlin, Worley
Maher, Mary	Kolp, William
McGreevey, Julia	Krackenberger, Herman
Mendenhall, Helen	Loddenkemper, Ludwig
Miller, Dorothy	Mains, Richard
Miller, Florence	Mendenhall, Ralph
Neff, Irene	Miller, Charles
Rhoades, Treva	Miller, Roy
Ross, Mary	Petersime, Ray
Schell, Mildred	Puterbaugh, Oscar
Seeley, Madeline	Rhoades, Fern
Strait, Lelia	Seibert, Joseph
Tobias, Kathryne	Sharp, Fern
Waoter, Nettie	Sheilds, Carl
Weaver, Esther	Stoltz, Mac
Westfall, Virginia	Trittschuh, Erwin
Wolf, Virginia	Werner, Carl
Wogoman, Kathryne	White, Wilbur
Altie, Russel	Williams, Paul
Armbruster, John	Winters, Job
Babb, Edwin	Young, Stanley
Balthaser, Gerald	Lockwood, Chalmer



JUNIOR CLASS

History of the Junior Class

Three years ago there entered the halls of G. H. S. a group of boys and girls, who were destined to become the leaders of their school in scholarship, athletics and almost every other line of high school activities. This class has on its roster boys and girls who are numbered among the best students of G. H. S., and has boys and girls who can compete with the best athletes in the school. This class is the Junior class.

Our Freshman year was full of Freshman blunders, but in the end it was found that the first year students had come out of the long siege of examinations with colors flying. That year was enlivened by a party at the home of Miss Esther Weaver.

At the opening of the school term of '14-'15, the Sophomore class members were present in force eager for the new school year's battle. As the teachers looked over their reports for this year they saw that the Sophomore students were registered among their best students. The monotony of school routine was relieved by several social functions.

Now comes the Junior year of our high school career. The Juniors are steadily progressing and are easily the leaders of their school. Although we have had little chance to display our athletic ability, in the few contents we have had, it is easily seen that the Junior class members are no mean athletes, and in this year the high school teams have been made up of a large number of the Junior class members.

If, in the Senior year of this most excellent class, the members of the class of '17 bear themselves in the same manner as hitherto, there is no doubt but that the records of this class will eclipse all those previously set.

Oscar Puterbaugh.



Modelled in Clay from Memory in Art Classes of G. H. S.

Sophomore Class Organization



President.....Ralph Vance
Vice President.....Ralph Huber
Secretary-Treasurer.....Don Gunder

Sophomore Class Roll

Altic, Agnes	Binkley, Eugene
Batten, Onda	Breaden, Stanton
Beamblossom, Ina	Clemens, Cloy
Bowman, Agnes	Davison, Bloice
Bowman, Grace	Emrick, Dwight
Brumbaugh, Lois	Folkerth, Frank
Bryson, Caroline	Ford, Ralph
Buechly, Gladys	Fry, Walter
Byrd, Florence	Gilbert, Walter
Deeter, Iva	Gilbert, Rolland
Dowler, Miriam	Hur, Kemper
Dunham, Lucille	Gunder, Don
Eaton, Frances	Halladay, Paul
Finton, Mildred	Harding, James
Hahn, Grace	Hart, Forrest
Jones, Lucille	Huber, Ralph
Judy, Laverna	Laurimore, Burley
Martin, Grace	Maher, Alfred
McClellan, Anna Mae	Lephart, Ralph
McCallister, Maud	Maher, Joseph
McFerran, Brieta	Maher, Clarence
Norris, Elda	Maher, Lawrence
Pearce, Marie	Menke, Bernard
Peirce, Olive	Miller, Raymond
Peiffer, Martha	Myers, Robert
Powell, Norma	North, Robert
Reid, Audra	Oliver, John
Reis, Helen	Overholser, Village
Schell, Olive	Pearce, Thorne
Shearer, Ruth	Schwartz, Robert
Stoltz, Ruth	Stephens, Harry
Thomas, Ruth	Stubbs, John
Warner, Mary	Stubbs, Carl
Warner, Kate	Thomas, James
Weisenbarger, Ruth	Ungericht, Earl
Weibusch, Viola	Vance, Ralph
Aukerman, John	Waggoner, Harold
Babb, Henry	Ward, Harry
Bauer, Walter	Warner, Doyle
Blackwell, Leland	Wherley, Noah

Wilson, Delbert



Bundy

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class History

The Sophomore class originated when a number of "greenies" from the grades arrived as Freshmen in the year 1914. They came as meek Freshmen and continued to be so until they were Sophomores and then the meekness vanished like a cloud. They were the largest class of Freshmen ever in this High School until this year when the Freshmen of 1915 outnumbered them. They are well represented by several on the Sophomore class team.

The officers elected for the year were Ralph Vance, President; Ralph Huber, Vice President; and Secretary and Treasurer Donald Gunder. They retained the same colors as last year, orange and black.

Mary Warner.



Freshman Class Organization



E A

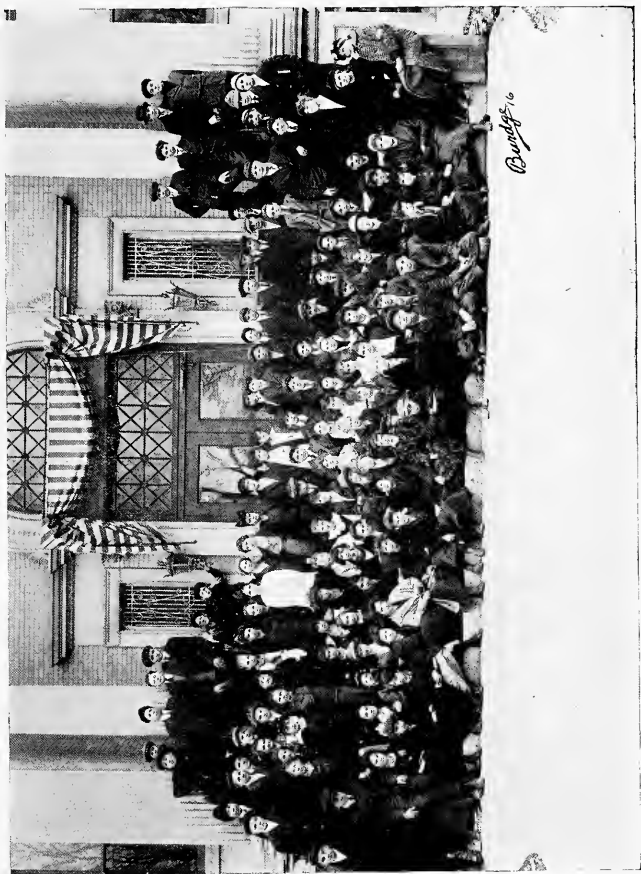
President.....Ross Kemble
Vice President.....Gilbert Kern
Secretary.....Homer Booker
Treasurer.....Dorothy Kirkendall

Freshman Class Roll

Allen, Priscilla
 Altic, Minetta
 Armbruster, Amba
 Arnold, Alice Mae
 Betten, Thelma
 Bayman, Dema
 Bickel, Catherine
 Browne, Elizabeth
 Burkett, Cloda
 Cain, Echo
 Clew, Helen
 Compton, Edna
 Coppess, Margurite
 Craig, Francis
 Crawford, Virginia
 Crisler, Mary
 Daubenmire, Mary
 DeHoff, Mary
 Dewyer, Helen
 Dickes, Edna
 Dorn, Helen
 Dunham, Blanche
 Fisher, Lucile
 Folkerth, Ruth
 Hawkins, Martha
 Hayes, Helen
 Hayes, Mable
 Hoke, Ruth
 Hoke, Ruby
 Hoover, Myrtle
 Katzenberger, Marie
 Kester, Helen
 Kirkerdall, Dorothy
 Kolp, Mae Francis
 Kruckenberg, Esther
 Livingstone, Lois
 Lucas, Mary
 Ludy, Mildred
 Lockwood, Erma
 Maher, Margeret
 Mathews, Loree
 McGreevy, Esther
 Menke, Ruth

Miley, Merea
 Moore, Grace
 Murphy, Martha
 Passon, Jeanette
 Poe, Marian
 Reck, Helen
 Rhodes, Hazel
 Reigle, Virginia
 Schell, Inez
 Schafer, Cora
 Schmermund, Elizabeth
 Shade, Luretha
 Slade, Pauline
 Sloop, Lola
 Stonerock, Esther
 Stump, Mary
 Teegarden, Veo
 Thompson, Marjorie
 Turner, Opal
 Vance, Mary
 Warner, Mary E.
 Warwick, Nevo
 Wade, Mary
 Warner, Kathran
 Werner, Elma
 Witters, Ferol
 Wogaman, Ethel
 Abright, Wilbur
 Bailey, Basil
 Bailey, Raymond
 Brandenburg, Ben
 Booker, Homer
 Bolinger, Dale
 Bowman, George
 Brumbaugh, Jesse
 Butt, Harold
 Casanova, Albert
 Dively, Charles
 Dohme, Clarence
 Douglass, Paul
 Fierstein, Harold
 Fisher, Charles

Folkerth, Jesse
 French, Arthur
 Gessler, Dorlie
 Goens, Aldus
 Hahn, Wayne
 Haworth, William
 Heller, Alven
 Hess, Albert
 Halzaphel, Herbert
 Hughes, George
 Katzenberger, Charles
 Kemble, Ross
 Kurz, Albert
 Kern, Gilbert
 Longenecker, Merle
 Martin, Fred
 Martin, Harvey
 Meeker, David
 Margler, Edward
 Mergler, Harry
 Meyer, Albert
 Minnich, Rollin
 Neff, Frank
 O'Brien, Henry
 Peiffer, Lowell
 Reeder, Clayton
 Renz, Andrew
 Schafer, Esta
 Schnalenderger, Robert
 Shepherd, Roy
 Slonaker, Lloyd
 Stephens, Fred
 Stocker, Marian J.
 Stoltz, Edwin
 Studebaker, George
 Swabb, Waldo
 Turner, Stanton
 Warner, Harry
 Weaver, Robert
 Whitaker, Kemper
 Wolter, Edward
 Young, Ray



FRESHMAN CLASS

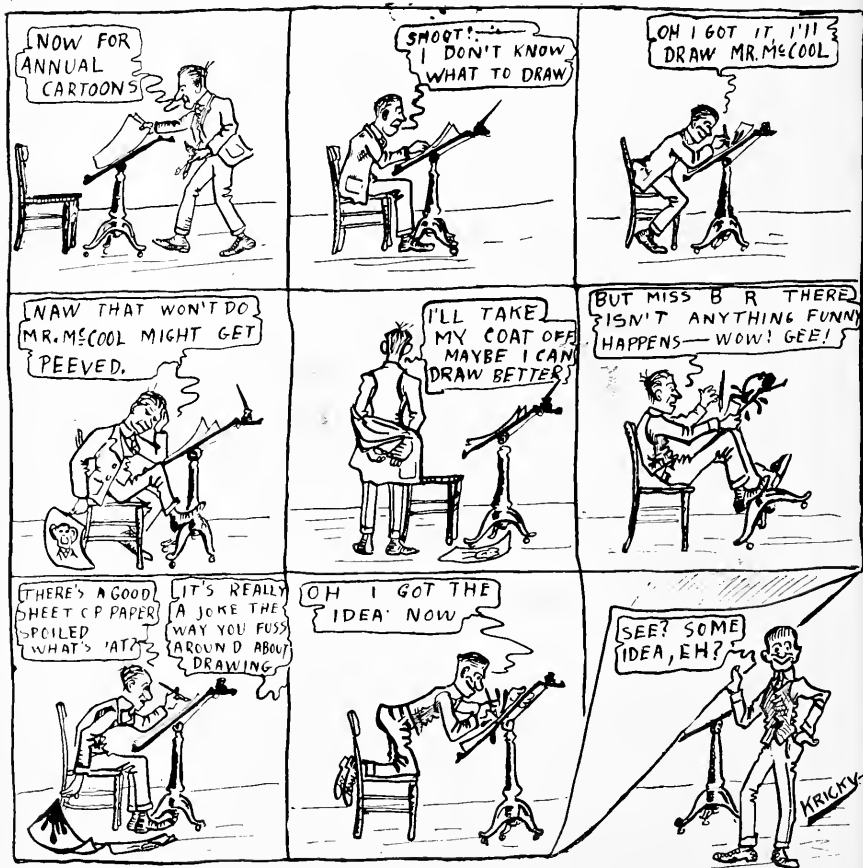
Freshman Class History

This year the class of Freshmen is the largest in the history of G. H. S., numbering one hundred and thirty-three.

By the most kind assistance of the faculty, our friends that had gone before, were not able to bestow upon us the customary bath in the creek.

Our social events have been confined to one marshmallow party at the Pumping Station. We are liberally supplied with athletes; one of whom, by name, Rollin Minnich, has distinguished himself on the H. S. Basket Ball team; and stands exceptionally well in the inter-class basket ball and football games. We also are represented in the H. S. Orchestra by Lowell Pfeiffer and Amba Armbruster. So hail to the class of '19.

Fred Stephens, '19.



ANNUAL CARTOONS.

Normal Department

THE NORMAL CLASS

Flower—The purple violet.

Motto—"Grin and go on."

The history of the Normal class resembles the "short and simple annals of the poor," inasmuch as we have been too busy to make history. Perhaps it is because we did not get a good start with the rest, for it was quite two weeks before we knew definitely whether we were to be or not to be. The young ladies of this town were singularly inappreciative of the opportunity offered them by the Normal course, and it required much running around and coaxing to get the nine members of this class together. As it is, we represent six different graduating classes of this high school.

Our studies and accomplishments are of an assorted nature. We can discuss the intricate psychology of the human species or achieve a cream-puff that is a master-piece of daintiness. We can make trays and cane your old chairs, or tell stories with ease and charm to your children of all ages. We can knit, tat, crochet, do plain and fancy sewing, and draft patterns, or stage a stupendous production of "Les Miserables" in twenty-four hours' notice. We can juggle with such names as Spencer, Herbart, Froebel, and Pestalozzi, or name and locate all capes, bays, islands, peninsulas and what-nots from New Zealand to Spitzbergen.

In music, we cannot be tripped up on the keys of seven sharps or six flats, and we can go up a chromatic scale and come down again safely—also sing minor scales naturally, harmonically, and melodically. We can even compose original music so that you can tell it is original. As for art we can bind your books and design you a distinctive book-plate or wallpaper, oilcloth, and linoleum, and plan and execute all your interior decorating. We can weave rugs and baskets, or amuse the children with cutting out doll-houses, circus parades, wigwams, Pilgrim Fathers, and Santa Clauses' Zoo, and can make many beautiful and useful articles that will be a constant joy to us and others in future years.

When school closes in May we each hope to receive a certificate to teach the youth of this land as they should be taught. We are ready and competent to make ideal theory and practice coincide and are confident of future success.

So we Normal girls ask for the future support and good-will of the community to help us prosper in our undertakings.



NORMAL CLASS PROPHECY

One day when I was in Portland, Oregon, I decided to go to the picture-show. Portland was the first city to introduce municipal "movies" so I knew there would be an interesting program. "Doings of the week" said the billboard at the entrance. A lecturer explained the pictures.

"Wonderful progress of the Greenville Playground Association under the guidance of Mrs. William Forbes," announced the lecturer. The scene showed a playground with children happily engaged under the direction of a supervisor, who was pointed out as Mrs. William Forbes. I recognized my former normal school classmate, Merea Strait.

"New society reporter of the Chicago Inter-Ocean." A tall stylish lady was seen tripping down the street. I did not need to be told it was Nell Turner.

"Martha Washington College introduces dietetic reforms under direction of new dietetist, who has made important discoveries in germology." Then there appeared a tall woman in immaculate uniform. She carried a magnifying glass. One glance was sufficient to assure me it was Mabel Jobes still searching for germs.

"Mr. and Mrs. James Johnson give most unique ball of the season. White poodle dogs given as cotillion favors." The screen then revealed the portrait of this popular society woman. Who should it be but her whom I had known twenty years ago as Kathryn Irwin.

"Canadian Pacific goes into receivers' hands Mrs. Mabel T. Vincent, widow of the late E. T. Vincent appointed receiver." The interior of an office was thrown on the screen and there, busy with her books, was the argue- of my school days, Mabel Trainor.

"New Hull-house supervisor chosen, called 'The Idol of the Packing-House District,' beloved by all of Chicago's poor for her many beautiful deeds." A little dark-eyed woman directing a class of poor children in plain sewing was the next picture. Despite her nom de plume of Frances Barbor, I was sure it was Mildred Wogaman.

"Famous movie writer marries again. Mrs. Henry Jenkins becomes bride of Gerald Vernon, director of the Exclusive Film Company. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon to put on a new play, 'The Courtship of "Elain and Harold"' said to reproduce features of their own love-making." A picture of the newly-weds appeared. The bride was a tiny, little woman in a white satin dress with a long veil. When she raised her eyes to look lovingly at her husband, I saw with a start it was our former normal class president, Helen Bowman. I understood why she went to the "movies" every night.

"Mrs. Jeremiah Honeymann, the famous star who will take the part of Elain." The graceful actress was none other than our normal treasurer, Alma Westfall.

"Woman demonstrates her ability as a farmer without any help from man." A woman was busily hoeing corn. Who should it be but Helen Fleming?

"The first performance is over," announced the lecturer in a tired voice, and I was glad to leave for I had seen many things to ponder over.





In the Fall of nineteen-hundred fifteen, after G. H. S. was in good working order, it was rumored that a new club for girls was being planned. It was to be the Story Tellers' Club, whereat certain ones of the masculine sex felt decidedly slighted, while others took a more optimistic view and decided for themselves that they wouldn't belong if they could, for girls would do nothing but gossip.

So Miss Nixon with the aid of Miss Swisher supervised the organization of the now well-known "Story Tellers' Club." An election was held, at which Ruth Blocher was elected president, Elizabeth Aukerman, secretary, and Kathryn Blocher, treasurer. A social committee was also elected consisting of Olive Nealeigh, Nina Brumbaugh, Elta Faught, Melissa Stocker, Florence Miller, and Elizabeth McCabe. No constitution was adopted but the membership was limited to the junior and senior classes.

The Story Tellers have met each Friday evening in Miss Nixon's room. An average of five members was appointed each week to tell stories which have proven interesting as well as very instructive.

The first social affair was a Christmas party at which each member invited one other girl friend as her guest. The school board kindly consented to our use of the Domestic Art rooms in the Memorial Hall. The rooms were decorated with holly and a large Christmas tree on which were numerous gifts, later presented as souvenirs.

Friday evening, February eleventh, the members, chaperoned by Miss Polk, Miss Swisher, and Miss Nixon, attended a theater party at the Pastime, after which they returned to the home of Elizabeth McCabe. As this was a Valentine party, progressive hearts furnished the amusement for the remainder of the evening.

February the twenty-fifth the members enjoyed a party given at the home of Elizabeth Aukerman.

This club has proven itself to be neither a "Sapphira Club" nor a gossiping party and has fulfilled every one's expectations. We hope it will, in the future, continue to exist.

Elizabeth McCabe.



STORY TELLERS' CLUB



Schiller Verein

The Schiller Verein met November 4, 1915. The officers were elected and the Verein was launched into a busy year. The officers are: President, Uretta Ungericht; Vice President, Ray Turner; Secretary-Treasurer, Leonard DeWeese. A Program Committee was appointed by the President which provides entertainment for each meeting.

The Schiller Verein has always been a very lively organization and so immediately plans were made for a hike to the Infirmary. When the party reached the hill by the Infirmary they were welcomed by a bright fire which they found that the committee had prepared for a "Wiener" roast. After lingering around the fire a while they descended to the Infirmary and there spent the evening.

The annual Christmas Party was held at the home of Uretta Ungericht. This was a jolly affair and every one was kept in continual laughter by the antics of Ray Turner. Although no souvenir was needed by which to remember this party, each member received a present.

February 22, the Verein took advantage of their vacation and walked to Pikeville. Here they had another "Wiener" roast. The club took a number of pictures and had "heaps of fun" selecting suitable sites, such as straw stacks and piles of stones.

The regular meetings, held twice a month, have been very interesting. There is plenty of musical talent in the Verein and the musical programs have been delightful. The speeches given in German are very beneficial; sometimes they are also very humorous. Many of the beautiful old German legends have become known to the students through these programs.

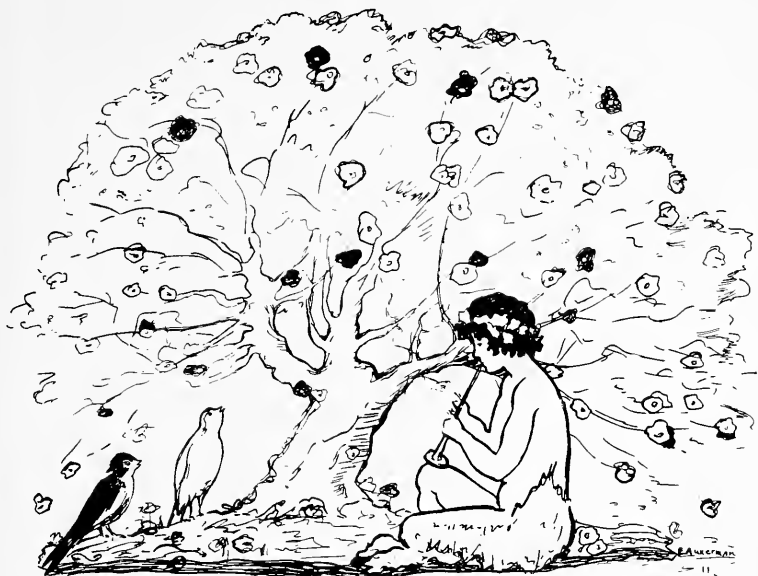
Elta Faught.



Buehler

SCHILLER VEREIN

M u s i c



THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club began its work the middle of February. The meetings are held every Monday and Tuesday evenings, from three-fifteen until four, under the direction of Miss Roberts, our well-known music teacher.

It was decided at the first meeting not to have officers as heretofore, and credit is given to those who attend both days and do satisfactory work. It was decided by the club to use a pin of the same design as last year only half a size smaller.

On March the twentieth the club sang at the Reformed Church for a mass meeting, under the auspices of the Civic League; and on March the twenty-eighth they assisted at a concert given at the Methodist Church, for the benefit of the Lecture Course fund. The club will also sing at assemblies and commencement at the close of the year as it has done previously.

THE ORCHESTRA

On Wednesday afternoon, in the second week of school, the Orchestra was organized in the music room of the Memorial Hall. It is composed of a piano, nine violins, two cornets, two trombones, drums, a clarinet, and a saxophone.

Miss Roberts is the director again this year; and under her excellent leadership, the Orchestra has succeeded in mastering a few of the fundamentals of orchestra work.

As an outgrowth of the High School Orchestra, we have a Junior and a Senior Orchestra; and both have appeared before the Assembly on Rhetorical programs. The Junior Orchestra has also played for the Lyceum Lecture course.

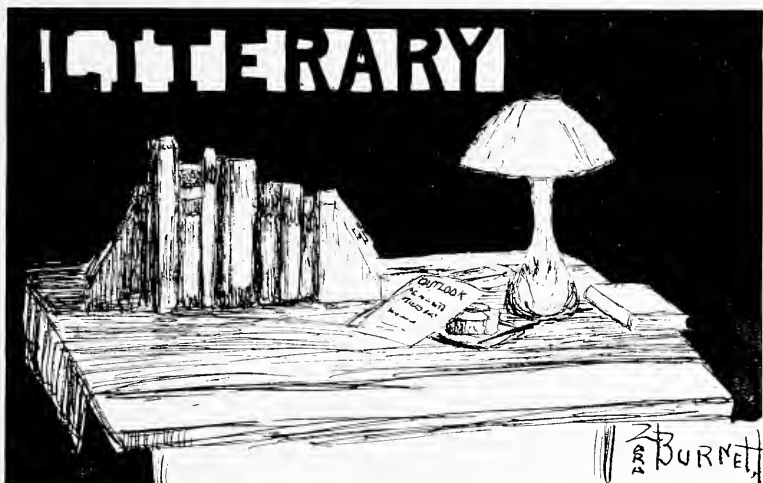
The High School Orchestra itself, has only played thus far at the meeting in the Reformed Church under the auspices of the local Civic League, and at the City Hall on the Greenville Welfare program.



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



Foreword—"Say, honest now, you would be surprised!"
"Did it ever happen to you?"

Under Cover of Night

I scarcely know how long I had been sleeping; but I suddenly opened my eyes into the blackness of night, which enveloped my room. In a most commonplace manner, I rubbed one eye with my finger, then stretched in a very delicious manner, swallowed a few times and assembled my features to yawn—when, it slowly came to me.

A subdued tap, tap; then a slow, cautious rattling, followed by a deliberate explosion of gruntings, grindings, groanings and scratchings. All this going on just below my very window sill, which was only one story above the ground, and in an uncanny hour, at the very dead of night.

My mouth on the point of gaping suddenly abandoned its idea. I swallowed a few more times but with an altogether different feeling. I shivered. Things grew wintry. In short, I was actually mummyfied.

I listened intently, straining my ears to their utmost. Scratch, scr-r-ratch, bump, clickity-click, bump, then a period of ghastly grindings.

Oh—Lord! What could I do one hundred and some miles away from home and all alone in a strange town. I, a poor traveling salesman for the firm of Briggs & Briggs, wholesale manufacturers of the famous Peanuta chewing gum and Samson Strength suspenders. Wintry things were now reaching the zero condition, and my jaws loosened up to let my teeth chatter miserably.

The fear instinct hid me ostrich-like, my highest ambition at that moment was to hide my cranium. I buckled my feet under me and slid as quietly as possible down beneath the bed coverings.

Collecting my wits under the bed covers, "I,"—scratch, bump—"read lately how Blackhanders had undermined a tenement house and blown it into atoms.

Could he who ran this hotel be an Italian?"—(More shiverings and divers clickings of the teeth)—A prolonged scratching grind—I sighed for rest.

"A maniac once devised an infernal machine which was set in a hole in the wall, and"—tap, tap—"at a certain time"—bump—"it went off and shot a man"—clickity scratch—"in bed." Despite my frigid condition I began to sweat, and I turned gently over in bed, in such a manner as might be described in the movements of an angleworm when it is about to undergo the delightful operation of being impaled upon a fishhook.

"Candidly it,"—r-r-rip—"was a very embarrassing situation if their motive"—bump, bump—"should be robbery. I would lose a silver watch"—bang—"of my great grandfather's selection, twenty-eight dollars and thirty-five cents"—r-r-rip, bump,—"a pair of silver cuff buttons, and a small diamond scarf pin"—(here a small drop of sweat trickled off the end of my nose)—"that"—Bang! !—"cost me fifty-two dollars."

"I might in defense of"—tap, tap—"my own possessions shoot"—r-r-r-rip—"these intruders, that is if I had a gun" (here I groaned, squirmed, gulped, and sighed all in one); "or I"—bump, bump, rip—"might engage them with my fists" (I shivered and pulled the covers tighter around me); "but ten chances to one they were great, husky ruffians who"—scr-r-ratch, tap, tap, tap—"would cut my throat in an instant"—(and oh, the sweat on my forehead nearly turned to ice).

"I"—r-r-rip—"would die fighting, so"—bump, scratch—"I would get up,"—bang, r-r-rip—"quickly switch on the light, and yell 'Murder!'"

The decision was final. To uncover my sweat-soaked cranium cost me many shivers; but to touch the floor in the act of getting up, multiplied them by tens of thousands; and I thought my poor teeth would surely be jolted out of my head.

Under pressure of those horrible noises with an effort that was almost heroic, I slid or rather fell out of bed. Shivering, sweating, trembling and gulping, with quaky, wobbly knees, chattering teeth, and a thumping heart, I made my way toward the light switch opposite the window, with all the tearful helplessness of an innocent condemned.

Seconds were years. A board creaked, a cannon might as well have been fired,—more sweat and a violent palpitation of the heart.

I crept on and on with agonizing caution.—"Was it possible the wall was so far away? Where was it? Would I ever reach it? Could I find the switch when I did reach the wall? Would any one answer my call for assistance?" 'Twas in such a manner that the interrogatives buzzed and sang thru my brain.

Blessed Fortune! At the first movement of my outstretched hand on encountering the wall, it fell upon the light switch.

I opened my aching jaws to yell. The light switch worked perfectly, but to save my soul I could make no sound only like that of the subdued squawk of a frightened chicken. My tongue seemed frozen.

At the snap of the switch a profusion of light expelled the intense darkness, and with gaping mouth and bulging eyes I saw five monstrous rats scamper away from the sample case that contained the famous Peanuta chewing gum. With one great unanimous squeak of disappointment and fear, they disappeared one by one thru a hole in the wainscoting just below the window sill.

"Better love hath no man," martyrs get burned at the stake, and heroes get shot at sunrise; but, oh believe me, dear reader, I am well content, under common circumstances to be only Horace T. Jenks, traveling salesman for the Briggs & Briggs firm, wholesale manufacturers of the famous Peanuta chewing gum and Samson Strength suspenders. I am,

Most sincerely,

HORACE T. JENKS.

Homer York, '16.



Skin Deep: A Novelette

"Beauty is only skin deep," is a trite enough saying, but considering it, why can we not apply it to ugliness. "Ugliness is only skin deep," sounds like a nice kind apology for our friends whose faces do not exactly tally with their souls. Lena Marie was that way; and Lena Marie is our heroine.

It is true that a pretty girl can coax straight locks into an alarmingly attractive coiffure, but Lena Marie could not. First, because she was not pretty; secondly, because her stringy brown hair had been attacked by the American atrocity of a Dutch bob. Furthermore, no one expected Lena Marie to develop beauty. You cannot have Christmas without the spirit.

She had been born fat; had staid so; and at an early age had acquired freckles, not pale yellow ones, but red emphatic freckles bestowed impartially over a round plebian visage. Lena Marie was no piker. If she had or did a thing it was whole-heartedly. As she was not beautiful, she did not stop at being homely; she hung out her shingle as ugly; and practiced her wiles along with her more effeminate sisterhood and with apparently as fair success as they. That is she did until she reached that deciduous pre-adolescent stage when her teeth came out with more rapidity than the other youngsters of the neighborhood. Hitherto she had been ugly, now she was inexpressible.

But childish society does not ostracise on account of personal appearances. Therefore when Lena Marie, industriously digging trenches in her own sand-pile, heard the imperative call "Hey, Skinny," emanating from the backyard to the right, she obediently trotted off to the owner of the call.

Lena Marie was accustomed to this call. It presaged secret and momentous events. But she did not urge the divulgence of this immediate secret. She sat on Master Theodore Thayer's back doorstep and awaited his pleasure. The action was not unfamiliar to her; neither is it to those slender, dark-eyed slaves of eastern harems. Theodore's divine right had never been questioned, no more so than had that of those oriental tyrants. He had domineered her small life from the days of paint-licked blocks with the inalienable power of the cave man, and she had been most submissive at the clubbing. She knew no alternative but to wait; however, the innate characteristics of woman were not wholly latent within her, for after an interval of unbroken quiet, her little snub nose sniffed inquisitively. And well she might sniff for the atmosphere about Theodore was charged with the smell of cheap perfume; very cheap perfume. But murder will out; and if the perfume was not exactly murder, it was assault and battery.

Amid threats and a prevailing air of the greatest secrecy Theodore explained the rose perfume. You made it; made it with rose petals and water and sugar, too, all cooked together. It was to be cooked over a brick furnace made in your own backyard, Lena Marie's in this case, for Theodore had learned early of the disadvantages of fire in the range of a parental eye. After the cooking you

strained off the petals and bottled the perfume and buried it to "age" it, a process occupying a day or so. Theodore smelled venerable. Last came the coloring, an aesthetic procedure that required an abundance of Prang's.

"And you ain't goin' to tell all creation how to either," concluded Theodore.

Theodore had paid for his secret and intended divulging it to only those who suited his egotistic fancy. First there was Elly Parsons, Lena Marie, and himself; later, weak-chinned and weak-willed Edward Morton. Butch Schmaltz was not invited. So he perched on the high board fence between his yard and the enemy's territory. But Butch was not hostile as yet. He only watched the perfume industry with wistful and curious eyes. Finally he resolved to break into the game if he had to humbly ask admission. However, he chose an inopportune time, for Theodore had just solashed some of the hot concoction over his hand when the plea came, suave and honeyed, from the top of the fence. His hand smarted with pain and Theodore's temper went like a blaze of black powder.

"Yah," he snarled, "you don't know the difference between perfume and sauer kraut, Dutchy!"

"Huh!" snorted the insulted; and with sudden fabrication, "My pa says he's saw slaughter houses tame in smell compared with your old perfume."

Retribution was swift, and Butch was precipitated over his side of the fence, not so much by compact, as by the surprise of a handful of hot wet rose-leaves slapped in his face. But two days brot him back thru the gate; and with him was the Being Beauteous, slim and syboh-like, her proud little head flung back and freighted with long silky black curls, crowned with a bow as pinky as a young dawn. As she crossed the lawn she dropped her gaze to her pretty slippered feet; Lena Marie did likewise, and then dug her stubby bare toes deeper into the sandpile. With a swish of stiff skirts the Being Beauteous stooped before the perfume-makers, and Butch, oozing conceit, introduced her, his consin, Elaine Dufree.

She lifted her gaze till it fell on the mussed up and messy quartet, a slightly critical and superior expression in the deep blue of her eyes, wonderful in their fringed darkness. Theodore frankly stared; stared till she met his stare.

'With those deep and tender eyes
Like the stars'—

she smiled engagingly back at him. Then Love entered Theodore's heart for the first time; then the Serpent entered the Eden of Lena Marie, for she had seen.

"But The'dore," Lena Marie pleaded several days later, "you promised me to."

"Naw I didn't," came the nonchalant denial.

"Why The'dore Thayer!" Lena Marie was grievously shocked. "You said, 'Lena Marie, when we get big I'll buy an airship and we'll go up in it an' live in the air.' Them's your very own words!"

"And they ain't nothing in 'em about me marrying you, either," chortled the accused, "so there!"

"Yes, but The'dore, grown up people always get married." Her tone was final.

Theodore was abashed at the apparent truisin.

"But I want Elaine," he ungallantly blurted forth. "Durn yon, Lena Marie, anyway!"

"The'dore!" she gasped, "you said a swear at me!" With chin up she flashed past him, trembling in her injured dignity.

Theodore looked his unconcern after her. He had worse troubles. They were Elaine and Edward. Elaine preferred real roses to the rose perfume, but the rose bushes in his yard had been stripped and their petals sunk in the perfume industry. Edward was better off, inasmuch as his mother had more rose bushes. Mrs. Theodore Thayer, Sr., explained this by the fact that a dog with a bone-burying habit was not conducive to the health of her plants. This was intended as an insult to Pharaoh, and for the nonce Theodore felt that it was justifiable.

He tried to explain his changed view to Pharaoh by a kick, but that nondescript canine only wagged his tail and looked innocent fidelity at his young master.

The next moment, boy and dog were rolling over the lawn together, the latter overjoyed at reunion, the former by an idea. Pharaoh had suggested the idea as a dog; dogs in general; Job's master; his master's house; his master's roses. Job was a brindle bulldog, aged and toothless, who generally slept to an accompaniment of loud gurgling snores. Mr. Nathan Gilkey, his master, was much the same pattern and characteristics as his dog.

Both dog and master lived a mile out of the residential district on a country road. The house was old, yet not old enough to be picturesque and stately. Its only redeeming quality was that in summertime the squat, L-shaped porch was covered with a glorious profusion of pink climbing roses. These roses were more old Nathan's pride than the numberless and priceless curios held by the plain walls of his home or the acres of fertile farmland stretching away on either side of him. When old Nathan gazed long at the roses he saw a face as delicately pink as the flush of the roses; the face of a girl who had refused his gold, his lands, the roses, and consequently young Nathan himself. So the old recluse guarded the roses as a too sacred memory. May might find Nathan at Baden-Baden, on the Nile, Honolulu, or elsewhere half-way across the earth's face, but the first bud of June always found him waiting to pay homage to it.

It was here that Theodore decided to conduct his depredations. The spirit of chivalry was upon him and no quest was too arduous if it pleased his lady fair. No roses were so wonderful as the roses watched so carefully by Job and his master. Theodore pictured Elaine's delight when he should walk up to her and toss a sheaf of roses the size of a dishpan into her lap. He glanced cautiously around him. No one must see him depart. He skinned over the alley fence and made across lots for the pike that led to his Mecca.

If he believed he had escaped unseen he had miscalculated for Lena Marie followed afar off, on the other side of the rail fence that separated the soft dust of the road from the scratchy weeds of the fence corners. She knew by the gamecock manner in which Theodore strutted along that mischief was in progress; so regardless that she loved and was unloved, she followed him, partly from force of habit, partly because of the instinct within her that prompts all women to shield and protect the sons of Adam. Perhaps, too, she was slightly curious. If so, she paid, for the edge of the field within the shadow of the fence was rough and stubby. She scratched her feet and legs, stubbed a toe, and tore her dress, yet she went on. Theodore a short distance in advance on the other side, enjoyed the pleasant softness of the dusty road, thot with the complacency of his sex over his present excursion, its cause and most certain effect, and composed a presentation speech to go with the roses to the rhythm of the put-put of his naked feet in the heavy dust. Blessed assurance!

It was with great consternation that Lena Marie saw Theodore stop before the Gilkey place, drop to his hands and knees, and half-crawling, half-wiggling along on his stomach, approach the house by keeping close to the privet hedge that bordered the path leading from the road to the porch at an acute angle. She had always looked upon the occupant of this grim house with its strange flaunting pink flowers across its face as a sort of terrible ogre who would not hesitate to wreak vengeance upon anyone so foolhardy as to bring about his displeasure by crossing his path. Lena Marie still read fairy tales.

Theodore arrived at the veranda and raising himself took a careful survey of his surroundings. All was well. An uncanny quiet lay over house and grounds. With quick but nervous fingers the little marauder began his work. The roses low on the vines were dissatisfying, not in themselves, but compared to the plump velvety pinkness of their sisters under the eaves. Resolved to be possessed of the best, he began a noiseless ascent up a column, gained the eave-trough and climbed softly over it onto the roof.

Here his first step brot havoc to his plans and fear to his soul, for the whole was covered with loosely nailed tin that rattled and cracked, died away, and rattled again. He heard quick steps upon the floor below, heard Job's asthmatic

growling, and looking down was confronted by an old gentleman, livid with rage, who shook his cane at him and said things unmentionable. Job growled and sneezed alternately in his endeavor to express his displeasure at the intrusion.

"You little varmint, you audacious thief—you!" fumed old Nathan in a saner tone than his first outburst. "How dare you trespass upon my grounds? How dare you steal my roses, wantonly destroy them?" He stooped, his old body a-quiver with emotion, to pick up the roses Theodore had thrown to the ground in his ruthless attempt to gain the better.

"Come down!" he demanded swishing his cane thru the air, "come down, I say!"

Theodore did not come down; and it is doubtless if he could have had the angel Gabriel asked it as a special favor of him, for he was so gripped by fear that he leaned a mute but human gargoyle over the spouting. The longer he remained dumb the more old Nathan raged, stormed, and ordered him down. Finally enough intelligence filtered back into Theodore's mind for him to see that it would be unhealthy for him to accept the imperative invitation. Yet how could he get safely away?

Mr. Gilkey was prepared to answer this question in part for he had resolved to take Theodore away. Leaving Job to guard the small bandit he disappeared around the corner of the house soon to reappear dragging a ladder, which he placed carefully in preparation for ascent.

During old Nathan's tirade Lena Marie had stood behind a lilac tree not far from the scene of battle, turning hot and cold in her terror, anguish in her soul on account of her fat helplessness. Her anxious little heart jumped at every fresh epithet hurled at Theodore and at every flourish of Nathan's cane. The ladder was the final straw. Thru a wavery blackness before her eyes she saw Theodore captured by the wicked ogre, fattened and eaten like Hans and Gretel, who ate of the little candy house.

His feet upon the first round of the ladder, old Nathan felt his legs swept from under him and went sprawling to the ground. It was a splendid tackle. Mr. Gilkey sat up dazed and angered; then he removed his feet from Lena Marie's neck. He was of the old school of gallantry and here was a lady in distress, but the more he addressed the lady the more she howled. When one is already fat one may regret having fared forth to grace a monster's festal board without bidding farewell to your near relatives. So Lena Marie grieved.

Words were to no avail, so Nathan rolled her into his arms and bore her off into the house that had known no visitors for a quarter of a century. Then he did a very strange but humane thing for a bachelor to do. He sat in a low chair and rocked the distressed damsel till her sobs ceased and the wretched story of her love and Elaine came out. Nathan gave tacit understanding, for when the story was done he opened one of his numerous cabinets and brot out a queer blue stone like a bit of flame.

"Do you like it," he queried.

"Ever so," replied the enraptured child.

"Then it is yours."

She raised her radiant face for a kiss, and Nathan bent over her in tribute. The ugly duckling was very lovable.

"Lena Marie!"

Lena Marie, her arms full of roses from under the eaves, her heart full of joy at old Nathan's kindness, paused in the deep dust of the road.

"Lena Marie! Over here!"

The refugee from justice perched on the fence demanded her attention, suspicion and curiosity in his face and tone.

"Well!" coldly.

"You ain't mad at me for beatin' it?"

"No."

"You needn't be so uppish, Lena Marie. I didn't do anything to you." Theodore had begun to pity himself. "Say, Lena Marie?"

"Well!" this time a trifle impatiently.

"What did he do?"

"None of your business!" Her chin buried in the coolness of the roses she took up her march thru the dust.

Theodore glared after her, and in the original manner of his sex attributed her coolness to the natural depravity of woman. He forgot that Adam also had eaten. He could do without her of course: she did not count. It was Elaine that must count. Again he felt as if Fate had checked him when he had allowed Lena Marie to go by unmolested with the coveted roses. Maybe she was still in sight. He wriggled down off the fence and sauntered to the road. No Lena Marie visible; instead a great touring-car rolled toward him, its swinging lines crying aloud its ease and luxury. The Morton car! He backed down into the ditch, but not before he had been recognized by the occupants of the tonneau, Edward and Elaine. They did not speak. Elaine tossed her head back at him and made some inaudible remark to her companion. Their united laughter, sharp and unfeeling, floated back to him. Then the Serpent entered the Eden of Theodore, for he too had seen.

Catharine M. Boyer, '16.



A Study in Aesthetics

Tony's day's work was done. He received his work check at the office and shuffled slowly, rather painfully up the street. He was tired, dead tired, for from early dawn till dusk he had worked incessantly on.

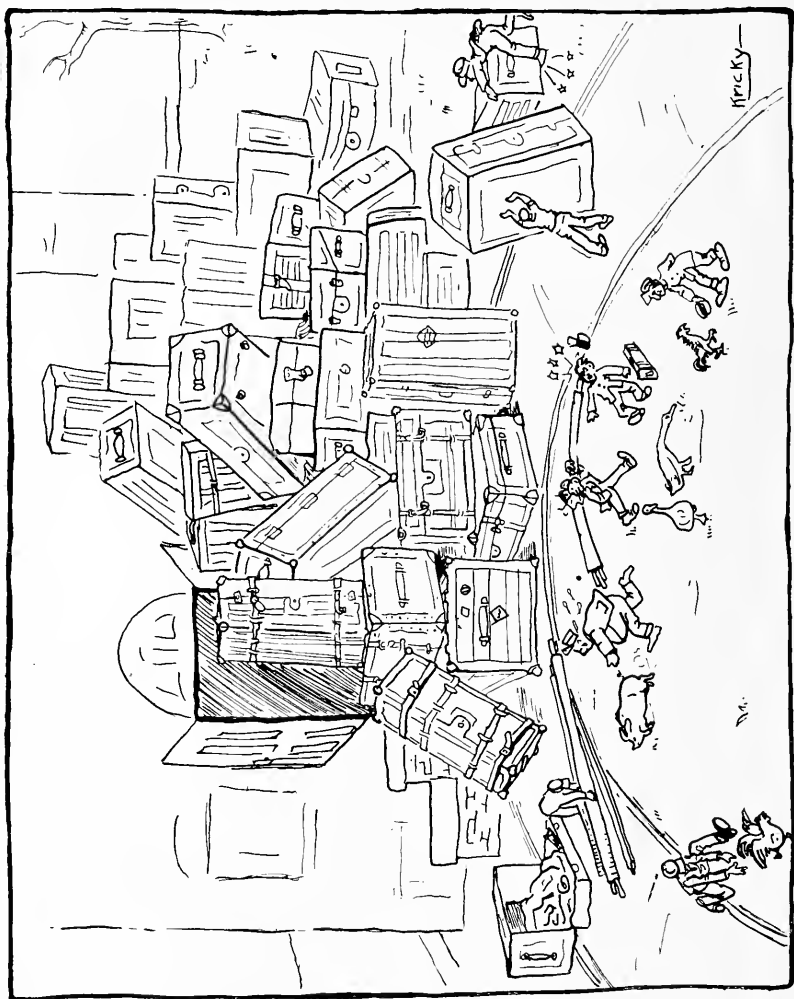
Tony had tried to please but he could not, for it is impossible to please some. He did not fear the boss's black piercing eyes, he did not fear his commanding voice, for Tony was a man, a primal brute in harness. What held him back was the fear of the law and the gun in the man's hip pocket.

Tony could not pick his jobs for he was poor, ignorant, and black. At home a large family needed his support.

As he turned the corner into a side street a small girl passed hurriedly, rather shied past him. Under her arm she held a book, in her hand a bunch of pale blue violets; but they were merely flowers, perhaps only plants to Tony. She had gone only a few paces ahead of him when one of the tiny blossoms slipped thru her fingers and fell to the pavement. She did not notice it, but Tony did for he stopped and picked it up. Dimly the aesthetic sense awoke in him. The flower gave him joy, great joy, a pleasure which called forth some tribute, some show. He put it between his great jaws and crushed it. It was the only way he knew.

Ray Turner, '16.





When The Bohemian Girl Visited Memorial Hall.



S o c i a l

One evening in the latter part of October, the Seniors chaperoned by Miss Polk and Mr. Pitcher went on a hayride, ending up with a marshmallow toast at Mabel Colville's. When the fire was burning at its best we pounced upon our chaperons to tell us ghost stories. Surrounded by the stillness of the night, we sat around our bonfire until the stories were finished. Then the party drove into Greenville, where a happy good night was said at the corner of Fourth and Broadway.

In January the Senior class held a skating party on the Tile Pond. All of those who were bold enough to brave the storm had one of the best times of their lives. If you would like to know who wandered too far from the crowd and fell in, ask Bill Kolp and Dick Mains. We were well chaperoned by four of our faculty members.

Late in the year of 1915 a dinner was given by the Faculty in honor of the retiring Board of Education. Toasts were given by the members of the retiring

board, the principals of the different buildings, and Superintendent Kirkendall. A vote of thanks was given to the Senior Domestic Science girls, who, under the direction of Miss Cowles, cooked and served the dinner.

A surprise party was given on the twenty-first of February by Miss Cowles for her Monday Night School class. Eight of the Senior Domestic Science girls served the refreshments. Just as they had finished their work, Mr. McCool and Mr. Mong called; so of course they were ushered into the kitchen and served with the waiters. After the eats had disappeared our principal promised us a treat, which we hope he will not forget.

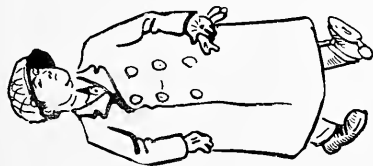
On the day after Thanksgiving the Juniors of G. H. S. gave a party. It was held at Ruth Kerlin's home on Switzer street. The date of the party was chosen because on that day the refreshments would have to be very light, since everyone was just recovering from the ill-effects of the day before. After the guests had arrived the evening was begun by several musical selections from our renowned orchestra, consisting of Edna Hartzel, Carl Werner, Harold Davenport and John Armbruster. Then games were played; and later a light luncheon was served, consisting of hot chocolate, sandwiches and candy. After this the playing of games was again resumed until the clock tolled the hour of departure.

Last May the Sophomores decided to celebrate their deliverance from the much hated title of Freshmen by having a picnic at Forest Park. In spite of the weather they succeeded in choosing a clear day. A large number of the class arrived at an early hour and obtained a corner on the boats, which were used continuously until dinner time. Then an unusually fine picnic dinner disappeared rapidly before the hungry crowd. After dinner a great water battle was held in which all present received a ducking. The rest of the afternoon passed uneventfully except for the thrilling rescue of two class members, who ventured too far and went over the dam in a boat. After the supper all the Sophomores proceeded to hike towards the city, but were soon met by the hay rigging. While passing thru the village of Coletown they purchased the cake department at the general store. Two hours later, having exhausted their vocal chords by music, they arrived safely home.

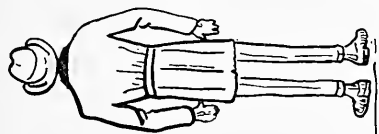
The Sophomore marshmallow toast was held at the new park. Bernard Menke decided to make things exciting for his fellow classmen. He and a few trusty followers succeeded in fixing a ghost on a wire, which was stretched across the pond; and at the proper time, when all were assembled around the fire, a ghost was seen crossing the pond toward the camp-fire. It slowly approached thru the air; and finally dangled above the fire, where it burned slowly, returning to the air in smoke. This ghost created quite a lot of amusement for the faculty members present, as well as for the students. They left at an early hour, so that they might assist the Freshmen who were enjoying their social.

A very enjoyable evening was spent by the Sophomores at the box social, which was held at the home of the president, Ralph Vance. Games made the time pass quickly. When the boxes were auctioned off, the prices soared because of the European war. After the auction hot chocolate was served. As vice president, Ralph Huber gave a short speech. The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Babb.

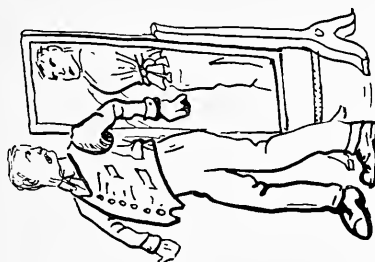
One moonlight evening in October, the Freshman class enjoyed a marshmallow toast at the Pumping Station. The Sophomores had a toast the same evening. At the Freshman toast everything went well until time to go home. The Sophomores did not have a very big crowd at their toast so they adjourned at an early hour. Coming to our toast, they thought that they could break it up; but they were badly fooled as they came too late to harm anything. The Freshman party was chaperoned by Miss Swisher, Mr. Pitcher, and Mr. Bailey.



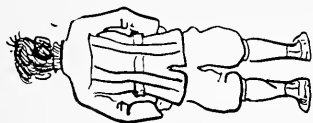
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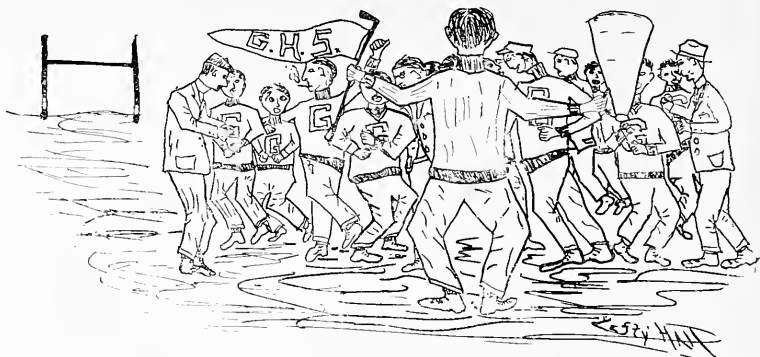


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Athletic Review

From the standpoint of games won, this year's athletics were disastrous, but from the standpoint of spirit they were successful. Our football team was the lightest in many years. Nevertheless it made a good showing against other teams that had much heavier line-ups. The spirit of the team never failed, though at times things surely looked bad. The players fought like tigers until the last, even when hopelessly outclassed. The prospects are bright for next year, as nearly all the old line-up, with their past experience and more weight will be back. A good schedule is guaranteed for the coming fall, as games with Piqua, Troy and Stivers of Dayton have already been scheduled.

The inter-class football games were all fast and clean. The Seniors won the championship from the other classes by their superior weight. The Freshmen made an extremely good showing, both in speed and trick plays. They came nearer beating the Seniors than any other class. All the games this year were successful in sportsmanship and class spirit.

The basket ball season was fairly good. Although the material was excellent, they couldn't get together. Coach Rogers explained it as "buck agger." In practice the team was invincible, but in games it was just the opposite. The team started off good, but it gradually lost confidence. The Union City game, at home, caused the team to lose heart altogether and quit. A second team finished out the schedule of five games. They did exceedingly good work and showed some fine material for future years.

In the inter-class basket ball, the Juniors won the championship, winning five games and losing one. The other classes finished as follows: Sophomores, Seniors and Freshman. The Juniors lost but one game and that was to the Freshmen by a very close score. They showed fine team work and easily surpassed the other teams in basket shooting. All the games were interesting and the spirit of the teams and of the rooters is to be commended.

The baseball outlook is encouraging. Nearly the same team of last year is with us, and it is known what wonderful ball they put up. Games have been scheduled with the larger schools, so Greenville will go up against some fast teams. The track prospects are fairly encouraging. Inter-class meets will be held and if the spirit shows up, a meet with other schools will be scheduled. There is plenty of good material if the pupils will turn out and practice.

There is a new movement along athletic lines in G. H. S., namely, physical training classes. There are three boys' classes of about twenty-five each. The purpose of these classes is to get boys interested in Physical development and athletic games, who would not otherwise be engaged in games. It is for the many and not the few. This is a very good plan, as results are already being seen from the development made by boys who heretofore had not participated in any athletic exercises.



BOYS' PHYSICAL TRAINING CLASS

FOOTBALL

"Ted" Stoltz, Capt., center. How he'd scare that opposing center. He'd chew their ears! You know "Cashus"! He would simply trample on the opposite center and nail their quarter-back in his tracks. Won't you be back "Cash"?

Dwight Brown, right halfback. "Brownie" was the old boy! He'd plow through the opponents with the ball and make their line look "jith like tiss paper." Its too bad he won't be back next year, he will be missed.

"Goose" York, guard. Ah! he was the man to get down and fight. Say, how he'd push 'em back and stack 'em up. Why man, if you had only kept on through the last half of the season, and not quit football, you'd have been the "iron man" on the team. We'll miss you next year.

"Pulley" Keck, guard. P. K. was right there! "Abner" would get dolled up in his war clothes and say, how he'd roll 'em. We'll back you "Yale 20," even if you do leave us this year, to make the All-Americans.

"Mac" Stoltz, fullback. "Mac" was the one that'd scatter them when he went through. He'd shake off two or three men like flies. It took the whole team to stop him. "Mac" next year let it take twenty men at least to stop you.

"Dick" Mains, quarterback. He was always "scrappy" and full of "pep." Although his first year on the team, he played like a veteran. Tackle! say, he sure could nail 'em, they never got away from him. "Dick" will be back next year. Watch him!

"Bill" Kolp, left halfback. "Peden" was the boy that would get his head down and go through for twenty yards. Say "Bill" you're a wonder. We expect you to make these people around here sit up and take notice.

"Boots" Bradley, tackle. There is the old war horse. He'd tear through the lines and break up the opponents play as regular as clock-work. On the offensive, he'd have a hole every time. Do it again next year "Boots."

"Swatter" Holzapfel, end. Did you ever see him buck through the line? He'd remind you of a snow plow. Say he could tackle, too. When he went after them it was sure. He was so quick at it, too. He will do it again next year.

"Softy" Howard, tackle. "Softy" was anything but what his nickname calls him. He'd make holes, find holes, close up holes, fact is he'd do every thing with them. "Gasoline Gus" will make them all open their eyes next year. You'll see.

Sharp, tackle. My how they'd stop when they hit him. If ever a man got through him, it was only when five, at least, hit him at once. He will be back next year. We're all for you Sharp, go get 'em.

Rolland Gilbert, end. "Gibby" was perfect on getting under a forward pass. Say he was a scrapper, too. He'd fight tooth and nail all the time for G. H. S. He comes back for the next two years, so just keep your eye on him too.

"Cap" Clemens, end. "Cap" was strong on breaking up the interference when they tried to circle his end. He'd get 'em too. You'll want to see "Cap" spill the boys for the next two years on end.

"Tubby" Butt, guard. "Tubby" was big enough to stop the whole bunch, and he did even if he was only a Freshman. Say, "Tubby," we expect wonders out of you in your high school career, now don't disappoint us.

Penny, Crawford, Bickle and Dively, in what games they took part, all played like wonders. There was little room for improvement.

PIQUA

The Piqua games were one-sided, both were won by Piqua. 45 to 0, and 40 to 0. But even though outclassed and outweighed by the fast Piqua team, a good fight was put up. Greenville never quit trying.

WEST ALEXANDRIA

The first game was 7 to 0 in favor of West Alex. This was a hard luck game for Greenville for they certainly played a superior game to their opponents.

The second game, at West Alexandria was 20 to 7 in their favor. Our boys fought tooth and nail clear through this game and were ahead 7 to 6 when Kolp and Stoltz were laid out. This weakened the team, and West Alex. won.

TROY

Troy won this game 6 to 0. Troy intercepted Greenville's forward pass and carried the ball to the four-yard line. From there they bucked the ball across. Greenville got to Troy's two-yard line on the first down, by forward passes, but they were excited there and were held for downs without getting across.

MIAMISBURG

Miamisburg was easy picking for G. H. S., the score being 60 to 6. Greenville's plays all worked to perfection. They simply marched from one end of the field to the other at will. Every player was a star in this game. All were on their toes, with heads up.

WEST MILTON

The second and last victory of the season was at West Milton. The score was 7 to 0. A close and exciting game. There were six substitutes in Greenville's line-up that day. But at that Greenville was too much for the West Milton warriors.

VAN WERT

This was the last defeat of the season. Score 13 to 6. Greenville was ahead the first half 6 to 0. This was the second touchdown scored against Van Wert all season. But the second half Van Wert came back with a terrific onslaught and scored two touchdowns and kicked goal before our boys could stop them. They did stop them but too late.

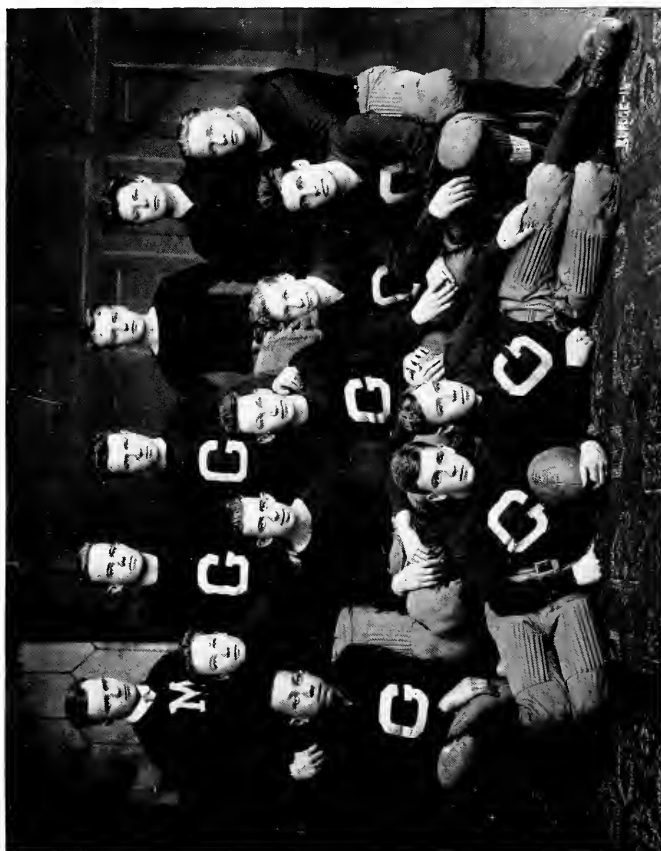
The men who played in half the games are Mains, Bradley, Clemens, Brown, T. Stoltz, Sharp, Howard, Gilbert, Keck, M. Stoltz, Kolp and Holzapfel and Butt.

FOOTBALL SQUAD

<i>Players</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>Half Played</i>	<i>Points</i>
Mains	Quarterback	16	18
Bradley	Right Tackle	12	..
Clemens	Right End	15	6
Brown	Right Halfback	12	18
T. Stoltz	Center and Fullback	16	..
Sharp	Right End and Tackle	14	..
Howard	Left Tackle	14	..
Butt	Right Guard	6	..
Gilbert	Left End	10	14
Keck	Center and Tackle	11	..
Dively	Left End	2	..
M. Stoltz	Fullback	8	6
Kolp	Left Halfback	13	18
Penny	Fullback	2	6
York	Left Guard	8	..
Holzapfel	End and Fullback	10	..
Total			80

FOOTBALL SCORE

<i>Teams</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Score</i>	
		<i>G.</i>	<i>O.</i>
G. H. S. at Piqua	Oct. 1	0	45
W. Alex. at Greenville	Oct. 8	0	7
Troy at Greenville	Oct. 16	0	6
Miamisburg at Greenville	Oct. 22	60	6
Piqua at Greenville	Oct. 29	0	40
G. H. S. at W. Alexandria	Nov. 5	7	20
G. H. S. at West Milton	Nov. 13	7	0
G. H. S. at Van Wert	Nov. 25	6	13
Total		80	137



FOOT BALL TEAM

BASKET BALL

The first team for the G. H. S. was Hall, Gilbert, Wesley, Brown, Burns, and Davidson. They all played hard and good, but for some reason couldn't get together.

The second team finished the season, but they were all unexperienced players. Nevertheless, they put up a wonderful game for such a light team. They had lots of "pep" and team-work. They sure make next year's outlook bright.

MIAMISBURG

The first half of this game was very ordinary. It looked bad for Greenville at the end of the half for the score stood 14 to 7 against them. But the second half the team got together and piled the score up to 36 to 25 in Greenville's favor.

UNION CITY

The hall at Union City is about the size of a bowling alley, consequently it was a very rough game. The first half was tie, 14 to 14. The second half was very rough, a regular bull fight. Wesley was laid out and Davidson who took his place was also laid out, so the team was weakened considerably. Score: Union City 24; Greenville 18.

At Greenville, Union won 34 to 22. This game was also rough. Union City seems to have a mania for exceedingly rough play. Twenty-four fouls were called on Union in this game.

TIPPECANOE CITY

The game here was all one-sided. Tipp had G. H. S. up in the air, and they never came down once. The final score was Tipp City 57; Greenville 8.

The game at Tipp City was also one-sided. Greenville was outclassed in speed and weight. They may have never had a chance, but they didn't stop trying. Final score, Tippecanoe 47; Greenville 13.

VERSAILLES

The game at Versailles was rough, as it was played in a small hall, with a low ceiling and padded posts on the floor. The first half was 20 to 14 in favor of Greenville. But the last half Versailles roughed it up, so the final score was Versailles 41; Greenville 33.

The game here was all in favor of Greenville. Versailles didn't have a chance under straight refereeing and in a decent hall. Score: Greenville 18; Versailles 6.

LEWISBURG

The Lewisburg game here was all for G. H. S. They didn't have a chance against Greenville. The work of the first team was superb in this game. The team-work was nearly perfect and they shot baskets from all angles. Score: Lewisburg 27; Greenville 42.

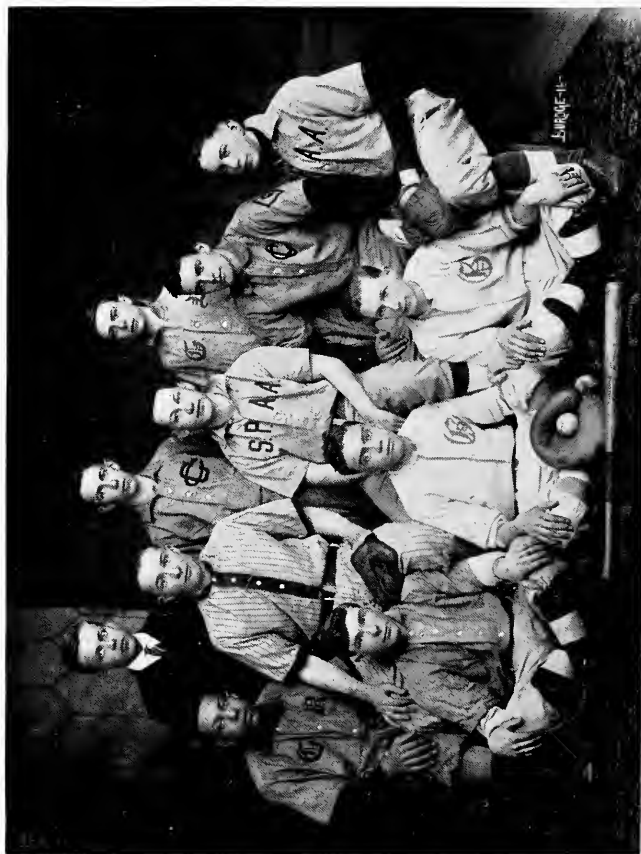
At Lewisburg, the first half ended 11 to 10 in Lewisburg's favor, with Greenville showing up fine. In the second half the Lewisburg management refused to accept a decision by the Greenville official. The game was stopped, Greenville forfeited their expenses, but not the game. So consequently it ended in Greenville's favor, 2 to 0.

TROY

The Troy game was good, but the inexperience of the second team went hard. They could not compete with the weight and basket-shooting of Troy. The team tried though, all the way through. Score: Troy 31; Greenville 12.

PIQUA

The game at Piqua was all one-sided. G. H. S. received her worst drubbing at Piqua's hands this year. Greenville was clearly outclassed, they didn't have



BASE BALL TEAM

a chance. Piqua could make baskets from any angle, and their team-work was ideal. Score: Piqua 78; G. H. S. 13.

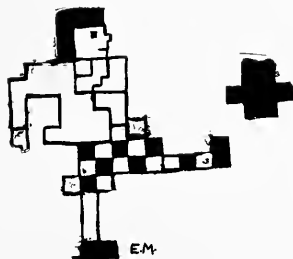
The Piqua game at home was also one-sided. Greenville started off good and were in the lead, but Piqua got their team-work started and it was all off. Score: Piqua 49; Greenville 14.

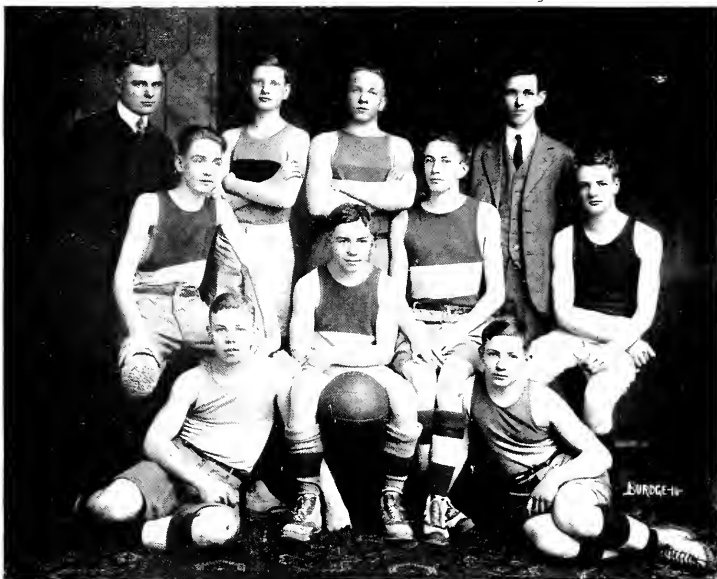
FINAL SCORE

<i>Teams</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Score</i>	<i>Field G.</i>	<i>Free G.</i>
		G.-O.	G.-O.	G.-O.
Miamisburg at G. H. S.	Jan. 7	36-25	16-11	4-3
G. H. S. at Union City	Jan. 14	18-24	6-10	6-4
Tipp City at G. H. S.	Jan. 21	8-57	2-26	4-5
G. H. S. at Piqua	Jan. 28	13-78	2-34	9-6
Lewisburg at G. H. S.	Feb. 4	42-27	19-11	4-5
G. H. S. at Versailles	Feb. 11	32-41	12-13	8-5
Union City at G. H. S.	Feb. 18	22-34	4-15	14-4
G. H. S. at Tipp City	Feb. 25	13-47	3-22	7-3
Versailles at G. H. S.	Mar. 4	18- 6	7- 2	4-2
G. H. S. at Lewisburg	Mar. 11	2- 0	0- 0	0-0
Troy at G. H. S.	Mar. 18	12-31	2-14	8-3
Piqua at G. H. S.	Mar. 25	14-49	5-24	4-1
		230-419	78-187	72-41

INDIVIDUAL SCORE

<i>Players</i>	<i>Position</i>	<i>F. Bask.</i>	<i>Half Played</i>	<i>Free Goals</i>
R. Gilbert	Center	9	14	49
M. Hall	Left Forward	21	14	..
N. Wesley	Right Forward	21	14	..
D. Brown	Left Guard	8	12	..
H. Burns	Right Guard	1	14	..
Davidson	Guard	0	5	..
Trittschuh	Center	4	9	..
M'nich	s Right Forward	5	10	..
Overholser	s Left Forward	10	10	23
Sharp	Left guard	2	10	.
Bradley	Right Guard	1	2	..
Stubbs	Center and Guard	0	2	..
Miller	Center	1	6	.
Werner	Forward	0	2	..
		83		72





BOYS' BASKET BALL (FIRST TEAM)



BOYS' BASKET BALL (CHAMPION CLASS TEAM)



Girls' Athletics

We started practicing in November and a surprisingly large number turned out each night.

Three players are missing since last year but these were replaced from the good material we have. The team has had a very successful season, playing eight games, and losing none.

Miss Cowles was appointed manager, and Mercedes Curtis captain of the team.

The following team was picked for the Games:

D. Evans	Forward
G. Burns	Forward
M. Culbertson	Center
A. Altic	Running Center
E. McFerron	Center
M. Curtis	Guard
G. Martin	Guard
R. Kerlin	Guard

The season was opened on January 7 at home, Miamisburg playing here. G. H. S. won, 36-0.

The following week we went to New Madison and this year we were fortunate enough to get to play in a building instead of outdoors as was the case last year. New Madison failed to score a point, the result of the game being 18-0.

On January 21 Tippecanoe City came to our town and we won easily. Score—28-6.

February 4 Cedarville came to Greenville. We were expecting a good game, as it was reported their team expected to win. The score, however, was 33-5 in our favor.

We went to Germantown on February 11 and were welcomed by many of our former friends, whom we played against last year. The result of the game 20-2. A dance followed the game.

The next game was on our own floor with New Madison's return game. We won 49-2.

The team visited Tippecanoe City on February 25. We saw our old school-mate, Russell Smith, and he showed his loyalty to G. H. S. by rooting for our team. This was our closest game but our girls won by the score of 10-8.

On March 3, our last game was played. We won from Germantown here, 16-3.

The team feels that their success was due in a large measure to the second team because of their help in practice.

We sincerely hope that the team of next year will meet with the same success as this year's team. Five players will not be here to help them, however. They are Mercedes Curtis, Mary Culbertson, Dorothy Evans, Eva McFerran and Gladys Burns.

The team as a whole wishes to express their gratitude to Miss Cowles, Mr. Wenger, and Mr. Bailey for their interest in the coaching of the team. Also do the loyal ones who have supported us in the games deserve mention.

<i>Teams</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Scores</i>	<i>Field Goals</i>	<i>Free G.</i>
		G. O.	G. O.	G. O.
Miamishurg at Greenville	Jan. 7	36-0	17-0	2-0
Greenville at New Madison	Jan. 14	18-0	9-0	0-0
Tippecanoe at Greenville	Jan. 21	28-6	13-1	1-3
Cedarville at Greenville	Feb. 4	33-5	16-0	1-5
Greenville at Germantown	Feb. 11	20-2	8-6	4-2
New Madison at Greenville	Feb. 18	49-2	23-1	3-0
Greenville at Tippecanoe	Feb. 25	10-8	4-1	2-6
Germantown at Greenville	Mar. 3	16-3	7-0	2-3
		210-26	97-3	15-19

Games won, 8. Games lost, 0. Per cent 100.

Total points scored by Greenville, 210.

Total points scored by Opponents, 26.

Total number field goals scored by Greenville, 97.

Total number field goals scored by Opponents, 3.

Total number free goals scored by Greenville, 15.

Total number free goals scored by Opponents, 19.

Evans scored 28 field goals and 14 free goals.

Burns scored 68 field goals and 4 free goals.

THE TEAM

Mercedes Curtis. "Skin," our captain, brings her successful career to a close this year. She was ever a fighter and played with all her might whether the game was easy or hard. "Skin" would set her face, grit her teeth, swing her arms, go after the ball, and in a second whirl it to the other end of the hall, and then calmly proceed to—CHEW!



GIRLS BASKET BALL TEAM

Mary Culbertson. "Hooly" was on the team four years and proved herself invaluable as a high jumper. Her long reach aided her in forming a human backstop for the ball. She was one of the few who were fortunate enough to have a "someone" to carry grips and otherwise be a general utility man for her.

Dorothy Evans. "Dot" or "Wandering Jew" has had an affection for the game ever since she entered H. S. four years ago with pig-tails and hair-ribbons. She was capable of getting away from her guard in a most surprising manner. It is almost a miracle that "Dot" was able to complete the season, for at one of the first games she was roughly attacked by her fellow-forward.

Eva McFerran. "Evie" was an all-round player and could replace any one on the team. Particularly did she care for jumping. She liked the trips and saw something to laugh at every time. It was "Evie" who had the honor of sitting in front of the Governor on the way to Germantown.

Agnes Altie. "Aggie" was our fast running center who helped spell the word V-I-C-T-O-R-Y. Although short in stature she never let the ball escape her. The next team will be fortunate in having her with them. Luck to you, Aggie, in your future career.

Grace Martin. "Chick" played for the first time this year but it was soon evident that they couldn't do without her. She was in for the fun in everything and certainly enjoyed herself on every trip. "Chick" was ever in the game and her strength was shown by the way the ball went when she gave it a start.

Ruth Kerlin. "Curly" it was who always had that smile ready for everyone. She was of a very peaceable nature although at times, especially when the ball didn't stay at the right end, she attempted to frown but without success. "Curly" also will help next year's team on their way to victory.

Gladys Burns. "Pud" it was who played up on the line and then made ready to bank the ball into the net. She was very much excited at Tipp when a lemon which, unknown to her, had fallen from her sweater and rolled across the floor, was presented to her by one of the players on the Tipp boys' team. "Pud" never lost her temper or grew tired of the game.

VALUABLE PRESENT TO THE TEAM! ! !

Mr. Bailey, science teacher of G. H. S., presented the Girls, Basket Ball Team of said school with a most valuable gift in the form of a diamond ring.

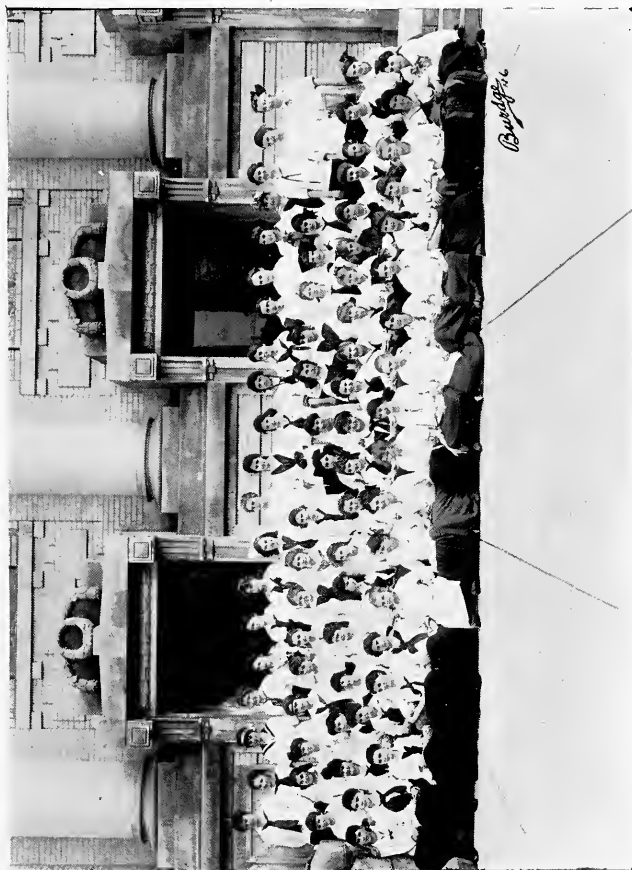
He accompanied the girls as referee to Germantown recently and felt they deserved a gift in keeping with their unspotted record. They were kept in suspense in regard to their present until on the return trip when he presented the ring to the captain. Each of the other girls felt entitled to the ring so to preserve peace it was deemed necessary to pass it around at five-minute intervals.

The ring is original in that it is hand-made of copper wire and the smallest piece of silver that Uncle Sam makes.

PHYSICAL TRAINING

The Girls' Physical Training class, under the direction of Miss Roberts, was organized with an enrollment of seventy. It was necessary to divide the class into two sections; the Beginners and the Advanced classes, the latter having been in the night school training organization. Both were privileged to use the gymnasium in the St. Clair Memorial Hall.

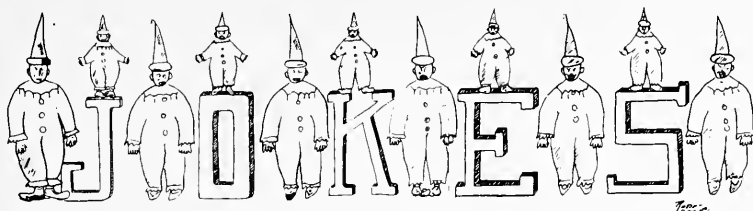
Physical Training may be divided into three parts, namely folk dances, games, and gymnastics. Students are taught to obey commands in a military manner, and to do this requires a process of quick thinking supplemented by action. Also that which is greatly beneficial is the development of the body together with the more refined qualities of agility and gracefulness. Therefore the purposes in general are to know when to take the proper exercises and how to take them.



GIRLS' PHYSICAL TRAINING CLASS



ANGELS OF G. H. S.



GUESS WHO?

I

'Twas rather dark, yet the world was white;
 We were a merry party.
 We skimmed the glassy pond that night
 With blood and spirits hearty.
 We covered the ice in fancy whirls,
 Each did his share of prating.
 Men clothed warm and bonnie girls,
 The night we went a-skating.

II

(Here the meter becomes too wavy and it is
 impossible to be put into rhyme).
 Splash! Slop! Brr, brrrr! Help!
 Oh my! so cold!

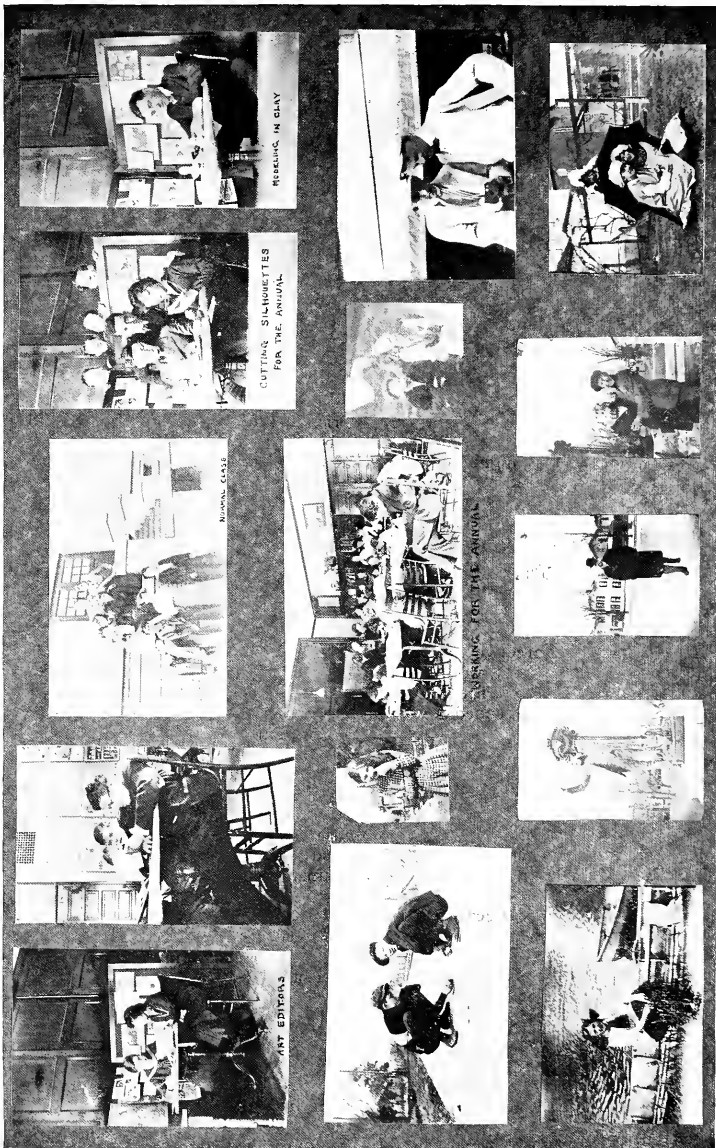
III

Three weary bedraggled skaters,
 All in a woeful plight
 Sought fire and shelter from the deep.
 Thus ended a wonderful night.
 Ray Turner, '16.

TCO BAD!!

A Freshman was wrecked on an African coast,
 Where a cannibal king held sway;
 And they served up that Freshman on slices of toast,
 On the eve of the very next day.
 But the vengeance of heav'n followed swift on the act,
 For ere the next noon was seen,
 By cholera-morbus the tribe was attacked,
 For the Freshman was terribly green.
 Olive Schell, '18.

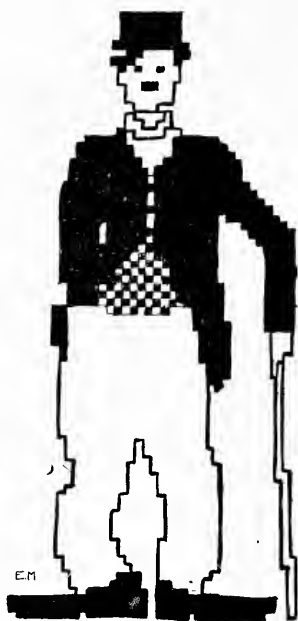
Eny, meeny, miny moe,
 Hunt an heiress that has dough.
 When you get it,—let *her* go.
 Easy money—miny moe.
 Nina Brumbaugh, '16.



SNAPSHOTS.

THE SENIOR ZOO

SPECIES	NAME	ALIAS	HABITAT	CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS
Kill Deers	Bigler Brumbaugh Burns Burns Keck Evans Hartzell Lockwood Snorf Reed Curtis Culbertson Crisler Bowers	Bernice Niny Pud Herb Pully Dot Betty Les Doc Helen Skinny Hooley Bob Sharpy	Home School Skinny's Skinny's Library Library Library Hall's Hall's Home Mecca Home At Hooley's Union City	Studying Studying Basket Ball Nothing Sporting Acting Reading Sporting Yelling Music Joking Basket Ball Everything Joking
Moose	Baker Beam Hall Trittschuh	George Pig Tail Monny Lawrence	Home Wiley's Hall's Wiley's	Studying Foolishness Arguing Studying
Parrots	Boyer Vance	Katy Bill	Home Drug Store	Jabbering Jabbering
Horse	Bickle Young Lecklider	Pete Ira Vernon	Pastime Home Home	Pretty Fast Slow Good Worker
Crane	Wesley Stocker	Ned Dewey	Gym Home	Jumping Southern Planter
Owl	DeWeese	Leonard	Home	Studying
Red-headed Wood-peckers	Faught McCabe	Elta Lizzy	Home Home	Studying Studying
Bears	Lynch Mannix	Bosco Bob	Home Wiley's	Talking Arguing
Giraffe	Crawford Uhde	Jim Flossy	Home Home	Studying Studying
Geese	York	Goose	Everywhere	Has None
Miller	Miller	Elsie	Home	Pouting
Bees	Blocher Blocher	Ruth Katy	Home Home	Studying Studying
Sharks	Garland Stephens	Bruce Clyde	Home Home	Studying Studying
Nightingale	Mains Wolverton	Anna Lee Irene	Home Home	Playing Singing
Skippping Bug	Husted	Esther	Tile Pond	Skating



G. H. S. PRESENTS THE THRILLING SPECTACLE

"Thru Fire and Smoke to Fame"

An All-Star Cast

Charley Chaplin.....	Fred Williams
Theda Bara.....	Zara Burnett
Florence LaBadie.....	Elizabeth Hartzell
Geraldine Farrar.....	Irene Wolverton
Fatty Arbuckle.....	Harold Butt
Mary Pickford.....	Norma Powell
Marguerite Clark.....	Elda Norris
Jane Cowl.....	Dorothy Evans
Stuart Holmes.....	Bob Crisler
Robert Herrick.....	Homer York
James Cruze.....	Charles Miller

THE G. H. S.

There is an old High School
That stands on just stilts;
And if the wind blows,
It just totters and tilts.
The Faculty's not wise
And removes not the guys,
Until the Inspector
Condemns it with sighs.

A SUGGESTED SENIOR RHETORICAL PROGRAM

Anderson Snorf.....	"Punch, Conductor, Punch"
Bruce Garland.....	"Mary Had a Little Lamb"
Helen Markwith.....	"Marc Antony's Address"
Elsie Miller.....	"My Love is like a Red, Red Rose"
Lester Lockwood.....	"Roses on my Shoulders"
John Armbruster.....	"Relation of Limburger to Sauer Kraut"
Irene Wolverton.....	"Here's a Ball for Baby"
Delsie Skidmore.....	"Little Nell's Death"
Olive Nealeigh.....	"Why the Giraffe Has a Long Neck"

Stanton B.: "Has Rockefeller more money than the government?"

Mr. Wenger: "Why, I have more money than the government—it's way in debt."

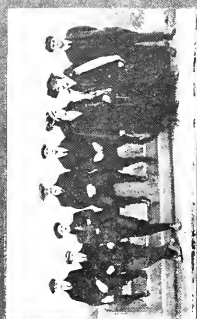
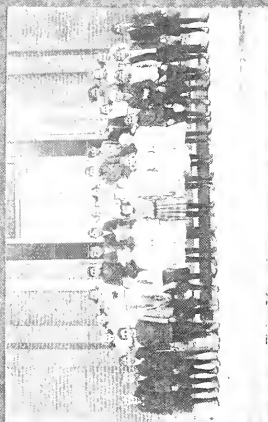
Miss Swisher: "Why is a ship regarded as a woman?"

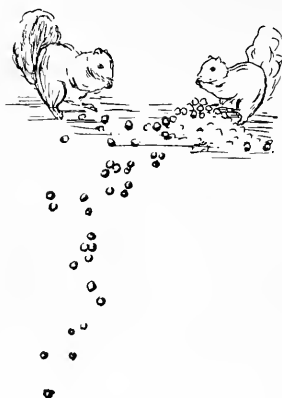
Ross Kemble: "I guess because she is hard to manage."

SNAPSHOTS



SCHILLER VEREIN





WHAT THE SQUIRREL LIKES

Harold Davenport,
 Worley Kerlin,
 Edwin Babb,
 Clyde Stephens,
 Gerald Balthaser,
 Lorce Matthews,
 Virginia Wolf,
 Marguerite Coppess,
 Irene Irvin,
 George Hughes.

G. H. S. UNPOPULARITY CONTEST

1. Four o'clock assembly..... 2,000,000 votes
2. Rhetoricals 15,000,000 votes
3. Writing poems..... 8,000,500 votes
4. Writing stories..... 5,000 votes
5. Lady teachers..... .05 votes

PROPOSITION I.

Foreword—This proposition was found to be so puzzling that the scientists and mathematicians of olden days were baffled to the point of self-destruction. Yea they even called it a work not for man but for some superhuman power. But by the combined efforts of Messrs. Babb and McCool the following answer was deducted:

.22489976958866 -|-

.2938667251992—

Problem: How much energy is expended by a normal child with normal teeth on a stick of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum?

SAMPLE OF SENIOR POETRY

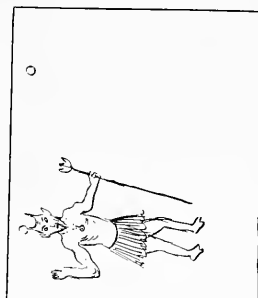
Oh, little bird high up in the tree,
 Please sing a song.
 Tee dee dle, dee dee.



Modern Algebra.

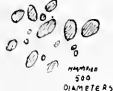
A Student's Nature Study Note Book

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Jura Burnett
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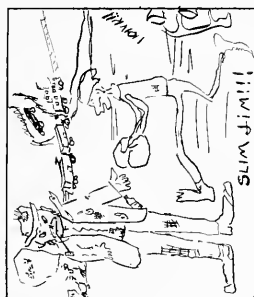


Page 1

The Shank Beans of a Potato

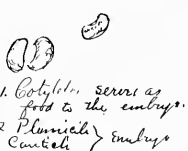


PAGE 2



EXTRA PAGE

Lima Beans

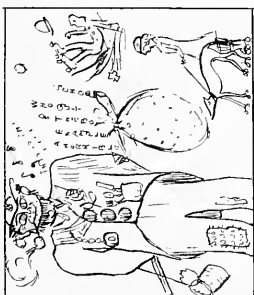


Page 3

The Lambrium Layer



PAGE 4

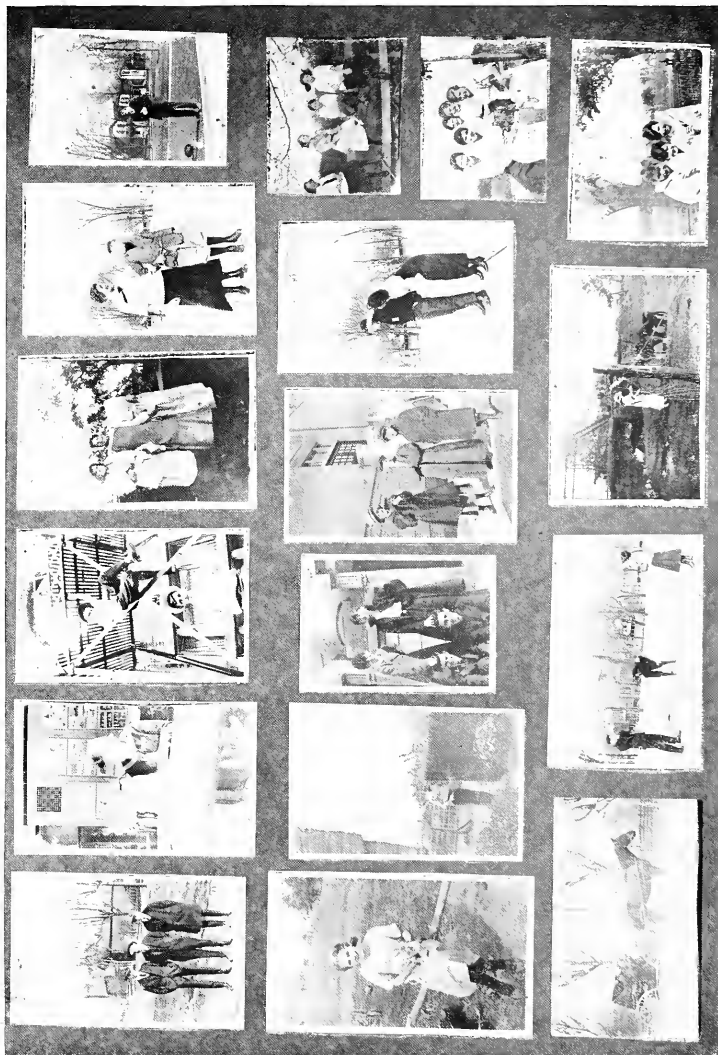


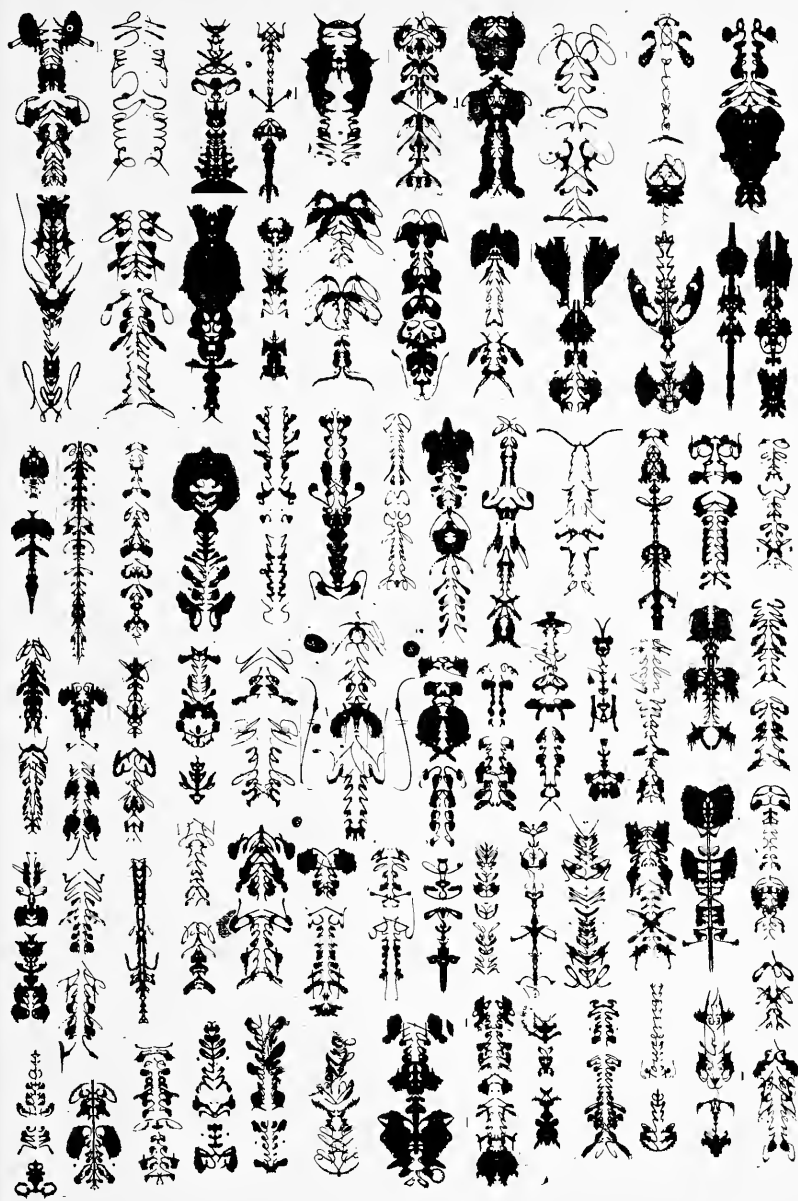
PAGE 5



BACK OF BOOK

SAMPLE NOTE BOOK.





SOUL-O-GRAMS.

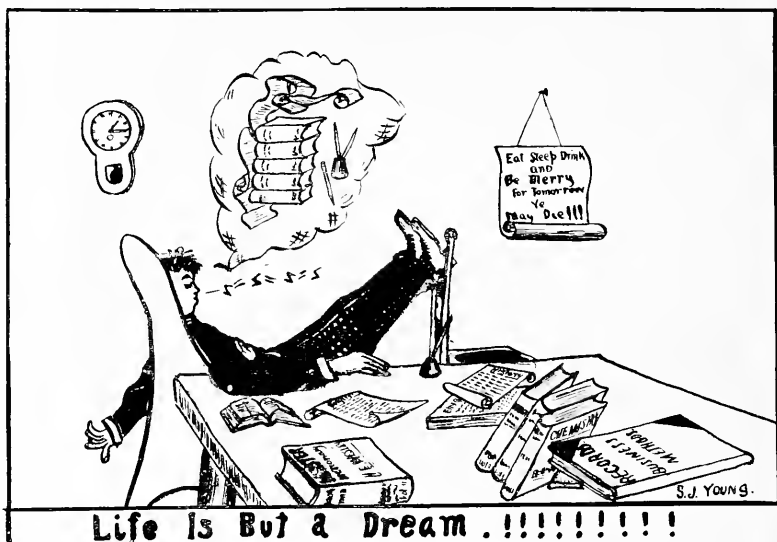
"THE MAN AT THE DESK"

The man at the desk is a sovereign,
Invested with power supreme;
His lightest word is the law,
And law to the very extreme;
His tap on the bell is regarded,
As the king's raised sceptre of old;
His frown is never discarded
Till the last stroke of the clock has been tolled;
Then from his hallowed presence,
We walk with measured tread,
While he with smile evanescent
Over us, his blessings spread.

II

Oh the man at the desk is a sovereign,
He rules with a smiting hand,
For the fame of his power has spread
Throughout all the High School land.
Be he Metzgar, Rogers or Babb,
He has the same power as McCool,
For while at the desk he is seated,
We perforce must bend to his rule.
Olive Schell, '18.





Foster, By Himself.



A Gallant Rescue

For a while, a very short while indeed, a period so short that the buzz and excitement of the last attempt to blow up the school house had barely died away, did the people of Greenville think themselves rid of the bandits and thieves who had been pillaging their homes and causing riots in their streets.

For upon that day Ted Stoltz had been rounded up and captured, and it was now assumed that the last remnant of savagery, the last flame of barbarism, had been totally extinguished.

So the good people of Greenville went to bed early that night and offered up a prayer to the mayor and the police force for delivering them from the hands of these bloodless outlaws.

But as I said before, this peacefulness of mind and quietness of heart lasted only a few short hours; for on the morrow when these good law-abiding citizens opened their eyes to the broad daylight, their ears were accosted by the yelling and bawling of newsboys proclaiming with the utmost capacity of their lungs that another, greater, and more outrageous crime had been committed.

The following is taken from one of Greenville's leading newspapers, which treats the story in detail.

THIEVES CAUGHT IN ATTEMPT TO ROB CHIMES CLOCK IN G. H. S.

Clock Valued at Ten Cents

According to a report given to the police this morning by Homer York, well-known detective and safety director, it looks as if Greenville is still to be infested by pickpockets and desperadoes.

York says he was coming home last night at about three a. m., when he noticed two men progressing slowly down West Fourth Street. One of the men was pushing a wheelbarrow, the other carried a large coil of rope and a ladder. York said to judge by the noise, you would have taken them to be the new patrol wagon or Bob Crisler coming home in his old car.

When the two men stopped in front of the Memorial Hall, York jumped behind a water plug to watch further the proceedings of the two men. As they crossed the sidewalk the light shown squarely upon their faces, and it was then

that he preceived who they were. They were none other than the familiar bandits, Kitty Williams and Oscar M. Puterbaugh.

York says he was not scared in the least, for he has had a great deal of experience with dangerous thugs of this type. But as we all know he stood no chance with these two hardened criminals, who were armed to the teeth; while he had only a wire hairpin and a finger nail clip with which to defend himself. Realizing his immediate danger the great detective ran with full speed to the City Hall, where upon he was met at the door by Paul Keck, who was cleaning out the office. Although York protested, Pully would not allow him to awaken the police. So he ran across the street to the Fire Department, and finally succeeded in arousing them.

In a short time they reached the scene of action. Rushing boldly up the stairs, they opened the Assembly door. Here York lassooed the foul knaves with their own villianous rope, just as Puterbaugh was ready to jump upon the delicate face of the dear old benevolent clock, which has for ages smiled down upon the fair students and teachers in G. H. S. After they were securely bound they were taken to the jail, for it was feared their boisterousness would awaken the sleeping patrolmen at the City Hall.

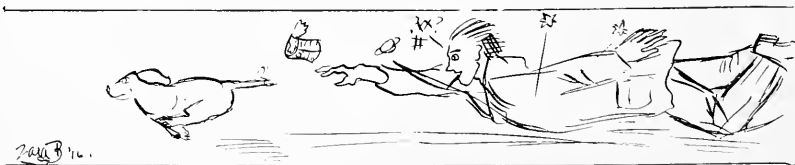
No bond could be obtained for the two rogues. However, upon the advice of their attorney, Bob Mannix, they pleaded not guilty. When arraigned before Mayor Bowers this morning, their main argument was that the clock ran too slow.

Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. York, as it was only thru his bravery that these two crooks were landed. This paper is seriously thinking of offering him as a candidate for Cobb Smith's job of official Dog Catcher.

Ray Turner, '16.



There is a proud Senior—Bill Vance
Who is a decided pro-German;
He talks for their cause 'til he pants,
And considers the Allies mere vermin.
In his cause he is helped by Herr Bowers,
Who says anything in his mind,
When rebuked for his gab he ne'er cowers,
But speaks the next thing he can find.



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*The defender against
pen troubles*

PARKER Lucky Curve Fountain Pen

Years on the sea of popularity

For sale by

R. O. WIELAND

Why H. Bowman gets A's—*extracts form test papers*—

"interpretation of the inner essence"—

"distinguishing between reproduced and spontaneous representations, the
former evidenced"—etc.—

"economy of receptivity and avoidance of harmful antithesis to existing
ideas."

Miss Polk: "What is a pallisade made of?"

Ralph Huber: "Lemons."

Ruth Payne: "Are you married?"

Mr. Wenger: "Now Ruth, you ought to wait until 1916 to ask that question."

Herr Roehm (to Mable Colville): "You wouldn't go home to your father
and say 'cawn't' and 'shawn't'?"

M. Colville: "No, he might 'slawp' me."

John A.: "What is the difference between a cigarette and a pipe?"

Mr. McCool: "That depends upon the age of the pipe."

Elizabeth S.: "I wonder why people say, 'As smart as a steel trap?' I never
could see anything in that."

Hazel R.: "A steel trap is called a smart thing because it knows just when
to shut up."

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Girls' faults are many.
Boys have only two.
Everything they say,
And everything they do.

Mr. Babb (calling on different ones and finding them absent): "Where are all my girls today?"

Miss Polk: "There is a girl in this high school that reminds me of a flower."
Did she mean a cauliflower?

Paul Bradley: "They ought to leave us out of school this hot weather. Did you see the thermometer at the Oak saloon?"

Mr. Roehm: "Yes, I know, I saw it."

Bob Mannix (delivering speech in regard to Senior pictures): "They will be fifty cents a setting."

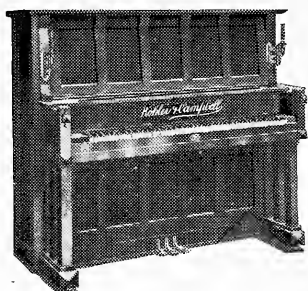
We wish to inform Bob that we have no hen to set on them.

Mr. Roehm: "Every time some people open their mouths they get their foot in it." That's appetizing.

ONE of the most important things for you to do, if you are seeking happiness, is to find that happiness in using the things you have to work with now. I don't know of anything more foolish than for a man to make himself miserable because he cannot work with the tools which some other man is using. Make the best use of what you have where you are, and you'll have all the happiness you can use.

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PIANOS OF QUALITY

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF? —

- Leonard DeWeese became an aesthetic dancer.
- Mary Culbertson ever got to school early.
- Bob Crisler and Ray Turner became temperance lecturers.
- Irene Wolvorton got her hat on straight.
- Virginia Wolf failed to laugh at the psychological moment.
- Delsie Skidmore came stamping down the Assembly.
- Helen Ries ever turns pale.
- Paul Bradley recited in German.
- Helen Reed got in a hurry.
- Amanda Schneck became a flirt.
- Catharine Boyer had lockjaw
- Herbert Burns forgot that "He's here."
- Elizabeth Aukerman went on the stage.

Helen Fleming has six varieties of beans in her garden. (Roehm read *beaux.*)

II. Fleming is the proud possessor of a brand new calf, named "*Differentiation.*" Why is it?

Catherine Boyer (in Art Class): "I believe I'll draw a hearse for that Booster Day program."

Zara: "If I were you I'd allow the horses to draw that."

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James' suit

EPITAPH

Here lies York the Hygienic,
A worthless, bragging, low-lived cynic.
He took Hygiene of Frederick Roehm,
And now he sleeps devoid of pain.

Ray Turner—a young gink so slim
Declares life a monotonous grind,
Some day he'll discover some vim
For he sure has a humorous mind.

From sordid cares I sought release,
I yearned to live in quiet peace,
I traveled into the country far,
Yet there my nerves received a jar:
I saw a woman rave and rant,
I drew close by to hear her cant,
Socialist-suffragette was she,
That human wind-bag, Catharine B.

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Bloice Davison: "As a rule I think you see more heavily set women than men; at least I do."

Mr. McCool: "Well, there is a proverb that says 'You always see what you look for.'"

Miss Polk: "What are the battlements of a castle?"

Franky F.: "The fire escapes."

Gibby: "What is another name for the lockup at the City Hall?"

Miss Polk (thinking): "Caboose."

Ray Turner: "Well, now Carl Schurz was a good fellow because he got drunk in his youth."

Boots Bradley: "Yes, but it was natural for men to get drunk in those days."

R. T.: "It is yet, if you drink enough."

Job Winters (in Biology)—"The salmon, after it is four years of age, goes up the river, lays its eggs; dies, and goes back again."

A lady visitor was escorted from room to room by a little Freshman. As they were going past a door on the third floor, she heard vehement tones from within. She turned to the boy inquiringly, "Do they teach auctioneering here?"

The boy looked up in embarrassment. "No ma'am—that's Professor Metzgar. He has a recitation this period."

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H. Fleming—"Herr Roehm, I can't teach this deductively for I don't know the definition. May I do it inductively?"

Mr. Roehm—"I do love to see a cow chewing her cud—it's a beautiful sight. But how I do despise to see people chew chewing-gum."

Helen Fleming reads a paper on Civics and Sanitation (on fly killing).

Roehm—"How many have you killed?"

Fleming—"I don't keep track; I just keep the swatter handy."

Heard in U. S. History—Mr. Salem Witchcraft was the first governor of Massachusetts.

Heard in Civics and Health—Smallpox is prevented by fascination.

Lester Lockwood (in Latin): "Achilles was dipped in the river Styx to make him immoral."

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Mr. Roehm (hearing B. Owens rehearse his rhetorical): "Speak louder! Be more enthusiastic! Open your mouth and get into it."

"Doc" Snorf, arising from his chair to look out of the window.

Miss Osbourne: "Did you want to recite, Anderson?"

Anderson S.: "No, I just happened to think of something."

Raymond Maurer: "Bernice, will you share my lot?"

B. Bigler: "Is there a house on it?"

Harold Pieffer: "Bunyan and his wife neither one had any circumstances."

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Bernard Menke: "If fat fills up the corners of the head and body, what would I do if I had a square head?"

Prof. McCool: "You would have to get your head reblocked."

Mr. Rogers: "Frank, name some animals of Africa."

Frank: "Graph and Hypotenuse."

Miss Nixon: "Ted, now give us your story."

Ted: "O-er-a-I couldn't find anything to tell."

Miss Nixon: "You were supposed to get it out of your head. Perhaps that is why you couldn't find anything."

Mr. Babb: "Jeanette, give me that note you're Passon."

Pauline S. (telling a story in English class): "One day some of my friends and one of myself went blueberrying." Then she wondered why they laughed.

Blanche (on St. Patrick's Day): "Why Miss Swisher, where is your green?"

Miss Swisher: "Oh, I'm a teacher of the Freshmen."

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OUR GAMES

First Miamisburg to Greenville came,
And they found out we had yet some fame.
In fact, so great was their fright
They took the late car home that night.
Next we to little New Madison went,
While there our time was roughly spent;
They had a big bunch to root and yell—
They listened sadly to their death knell.
Our third game was with Tipp City six,
They required much time their hair to fix.
The boys came along to carry the grips,
Yet this was the worst one of their trips.
Then our friends from Cedarville arrived.
To win a victory they had connived;
But in this respect they had to fail,
Despite that they from college did hail.
Despite that they from college did hail.
At Germantown we had a good time,
Teachers knew not of the dance sublime.
Which was given after we had won:
Poor Hooly stayed with the chaperon.
For the following game anxious were all—
To show New Madison "Basket Ball."
And we were successful in this, too,
For at the end the score was 49-2.
The next week we journeyed to Tipp City,
And root for us did our old friend Smitty.
But returning by traction many were ill,
And thought they were riding up and down hill.
The season closed with Germantown here,
And all were sorry the end was near,
When we see every game we have won,
We can say together, "Well done!"

Gladys Burns.

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School its congratulations
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Roy Miller: "Wow! ! I!"

Mr. Metzgar: "What's the matter there, Miller?"

Roy: "Something went off on my fingers."

Mr. M.: "Keep your hands in your own pockets."

Owens (during the auto races): "Gee, those engines shoot fast, don't they?"

Burns: "Yes, I guess that's because they use castor oil for lubrication."

Mr. Rogers states that he thinks it is true what Edison said "Sleep at night
is not a necessity, but only a habit."

We wonder where he spends his nights?

Miss Swisher: "Dale, give an example of an interrogative sentence!"

Dale: "What is our English lesson?"

Miss Swisher (indignantly): "What were you doing yesterday when I
assigned the lesson?"

Miss Nixon: "Treva, what is an old dodge?"

Treva: "A Ford."

Fred Williams: "A Quaker married a simple-minded girl."

Mr. Wesley: "May Frances Kolp—translate!"

M. F. K.: "The soldiers carried their long sisters (swords)."

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Miss Osbourne (trying to explain the translation to Kemper Hur): "Now you wouldn't say I was of great magnitude of body, would you?"

Found on a test paper:

"The organs of the body are the head, chist, and stomach. The head contains the brains and senses. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of liver, and the stomach contains the vowels of which there five: a, e, i, o, u."

Was it too cold or too warm?

Mr. Rogers: "Harry, will you please turn off the refrigerator?"

Ross Kemble (relating a thrilling accident): "And just as the man stepped off the curb an automobile rushed by and struck him under the wheel."

Mary Warner (in English): "Well there was a man; one day he was born; and one day he died, (aside) (stage whisper) Kate! Give me the paper so I can tell when it was."

Mr. McCool announced before the assembly that cards would be given out at noon. Chal. Lockwood says he wants to cut them if McCool deals.

"God helps those who help themselves; but God help those who help themselves."—B. K.

Bill Kolp: "A weed is a plant out of place."

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Lucille Jones: "Herb and I had a quarrel last night."

Ina B.: "What did you tell him?"

L. J.: "I told him I didn't want to see him."

Ina B.: "What did he do?"

L. J.: "He turned out the light."

Miss Nixon: "Miss Turner, what are vulgar fractions?"

Nelle T.: "Improper ones I suppose."

Mr. Foehn: "Those trains run perhaps fifty hours a mile."

Mr. Rogers: "Bailey, why don't you work?"

Mr. Bailey: "I would if I had my health. Are you sick, too?"

Miss Nixon: "Mac, name something you do in your everyday life that is not necessary, but just a convention."

Mac: "I wash my face."

Gladys B.: "Why is a city called 'she'?"

Gerald B.: "Because it has outskirts."

Mr. Wenger: "It must be awful to be baldheaded."

Mr. Babb: "Why?"

Mr. Wenger: "You don't know where to stop washing your face."

Wenger

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M. Strait: "Well, that is some compliment."

Mr. Roehm: "We need people of all vocations to make a world; plumbers, teachers, dressmakers.

"Jake" Turner: "Especially the dressmakers, just now."

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Bill Kolp: "Ever see a cake-walk?"

May Francis: "No, but I saw a Fox-trot."

Prof. Howett: "Does Mary still ring door bells?"

Mr. McCool: "No, she has a bell-boy now."

Brown: "How do you keep your trousers pressed so nicely?"

Lester Lockwood: "I put them under my pillow at night."

Mr. Rogers: "Yes, Brown, that is her. I could tell that little red hat a mile away."

Molasses makes the lips grow fonder,
Peroxide makes the hair grow blonder.

Ina B.: "Say, put that window down! I'm awful cold."

Grace B.: "Aw! just wrap yourself in thought."

Oscar Puterbaugh (translating German): "God Almighty!"

Jake Turner: "Make it stronger, Puterbaugh."

Talking on the Negro Question.

Catherine Boyer: "Well, there's lots of empty-headed whites!"

Turner (looking at her): "And lots of windy ones, too."

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Running an annual is like poking a fire; everyone thinks he can do it better than the one who has the poker."

Owens: "I burned the midnight oil last night."

Burns: "Gwan."

Owens: "Yep, I took my Ford to Union City last night."

Lelia Strait (on the way home from a Verein hike): "All the girls who walked back were Juniors but Lawrence Trittschuh."

Miss Swisher: "William, who was Antonio?"

William: "I don't know."

Miss Swisher: "Who was the Merchant of Venice?"

William: "Antonio."

Miss Swisher: "Well, now, who was Antonio?"

William: "Oh, w'y—he was the fellow who borrowed money of Bassanio to run away with Portia, that there servant of Nerissa's."

Ralph Clark: "Isn't this a nice March day for this time of year?"

Mr. Roehm: "A mediator is a person who brings other persons together. For example, suppose Irma is on the outs with her friend, and I serve to bring them together, then I am a mediator. Now, do you understand?"

"Jake" Turner: "Yes, a mediator is a preacher."

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Elizabeth Aukerman (telling a story): "The girl the inventor loved married a blacksmith shop."

Wenger (to Ralph Baker playing with a pencil): "You played with a rattle when you were small, didn't you?"

Ralph: "Sure, I do yet sometimes."

Wenger: "How do you do it, shake your head?"

Miss Roberts: "Now, take deep breaths on both feet!"

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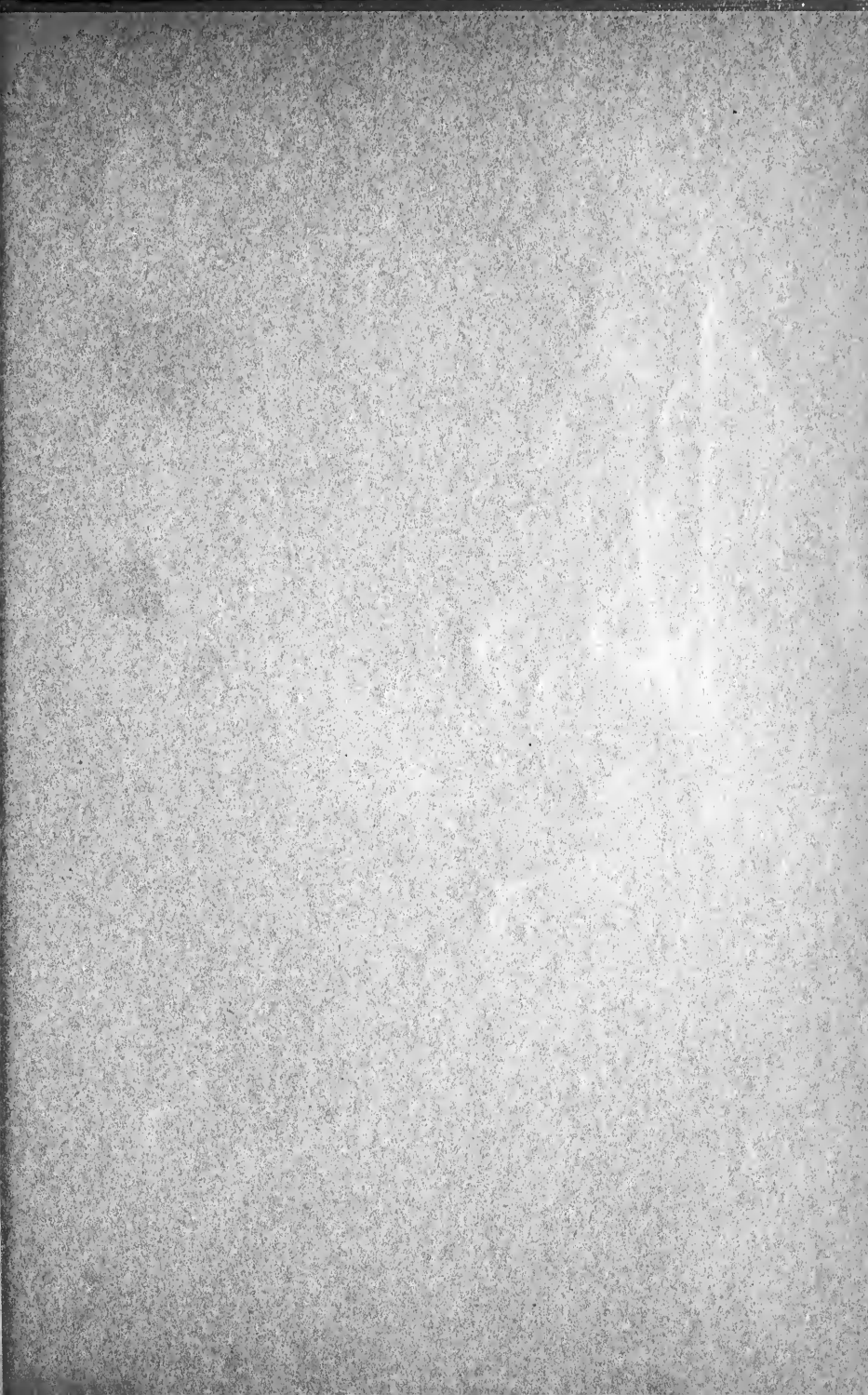
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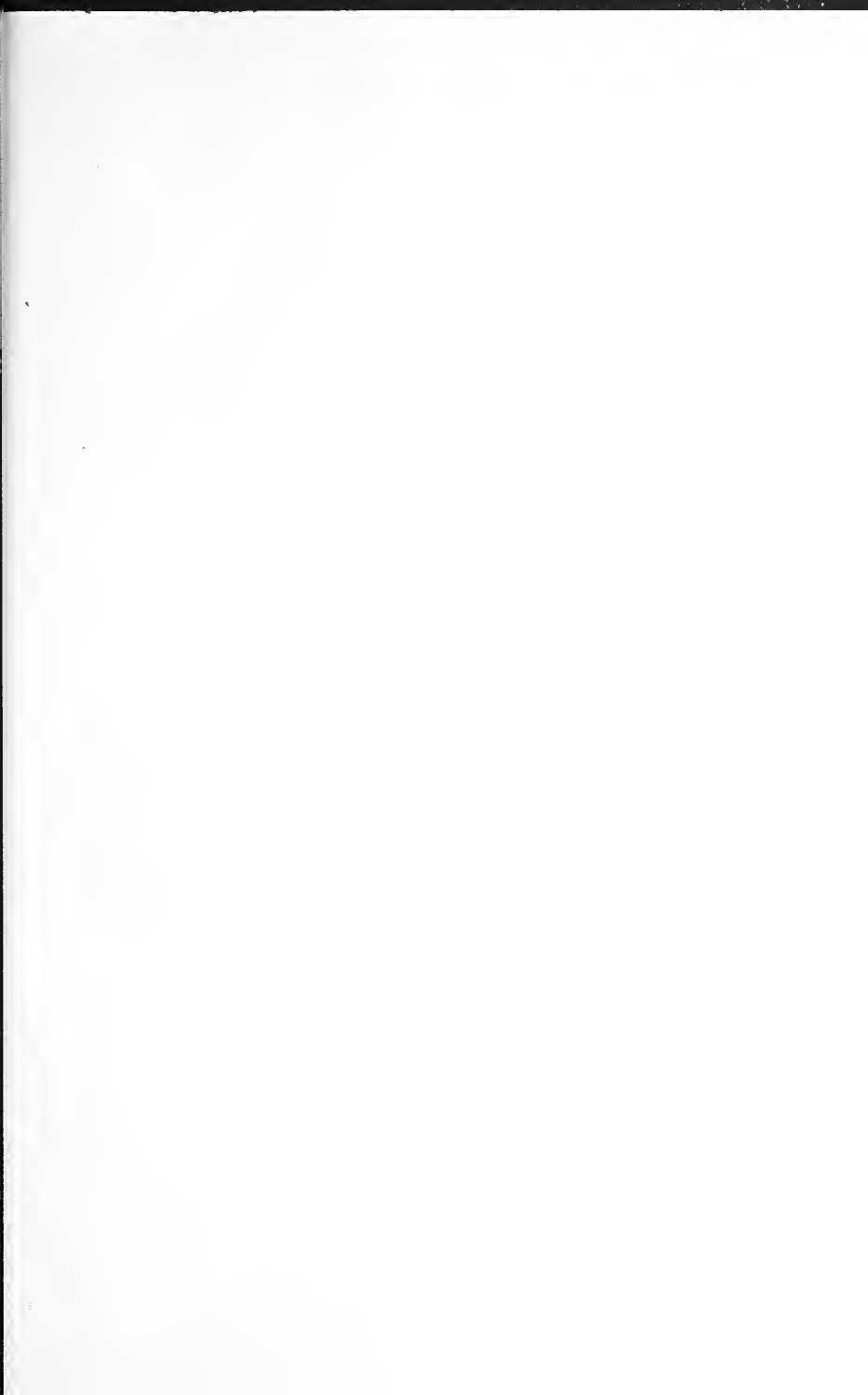


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